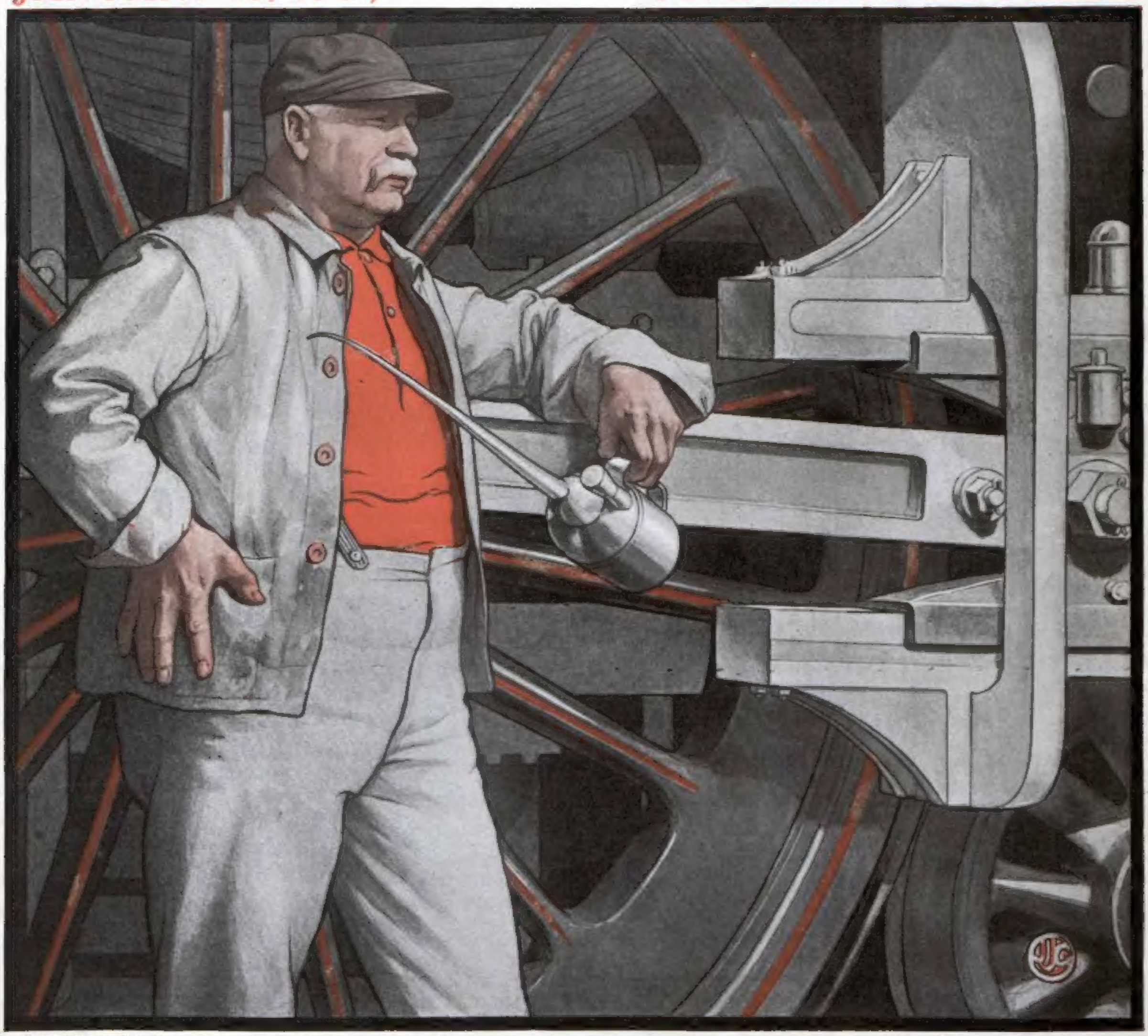
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JANUARY 16, 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



DRAWN BY J. J. GOULD

Beginning Frank H. Spearman's Railroad Series

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 176 — PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 16, 1904 — Number 29

The Fight for Pittsburg

BUILDING THE WABASH BRIDGE—THE BIGGEST CANTILEVER BRIDGE IN THE COUNTRY

The Siege and Defense of the Gibraltar of the Railroad World

By Frank H. Spearman

DURING the closing days of the final session of the Fifty-sixth Congress, William McKinley being President of the United States and Joseph Ramsey, Jr., president of the Wabash Railroad, a Senator from the State of Pennsylvania and a Representative from the Pittsburg district introduced, by request, into their respective houses some sort of a bill or joint resolution. No one remembers just what it was—no one wishes to; but, couched in a few words, it provided for the revival of a bill by which Congress had once authorized the building of a railroad bridge across the Monongahela River into the city of Pittsburg. No attempt had been made by the original applicants for the privilege to avail themselves of it, and their permission had lapsed by limitation. Granted originally for the construction of a steam railroad bridge, a renewal of the right was now desired on behalf of a projected trolley line.

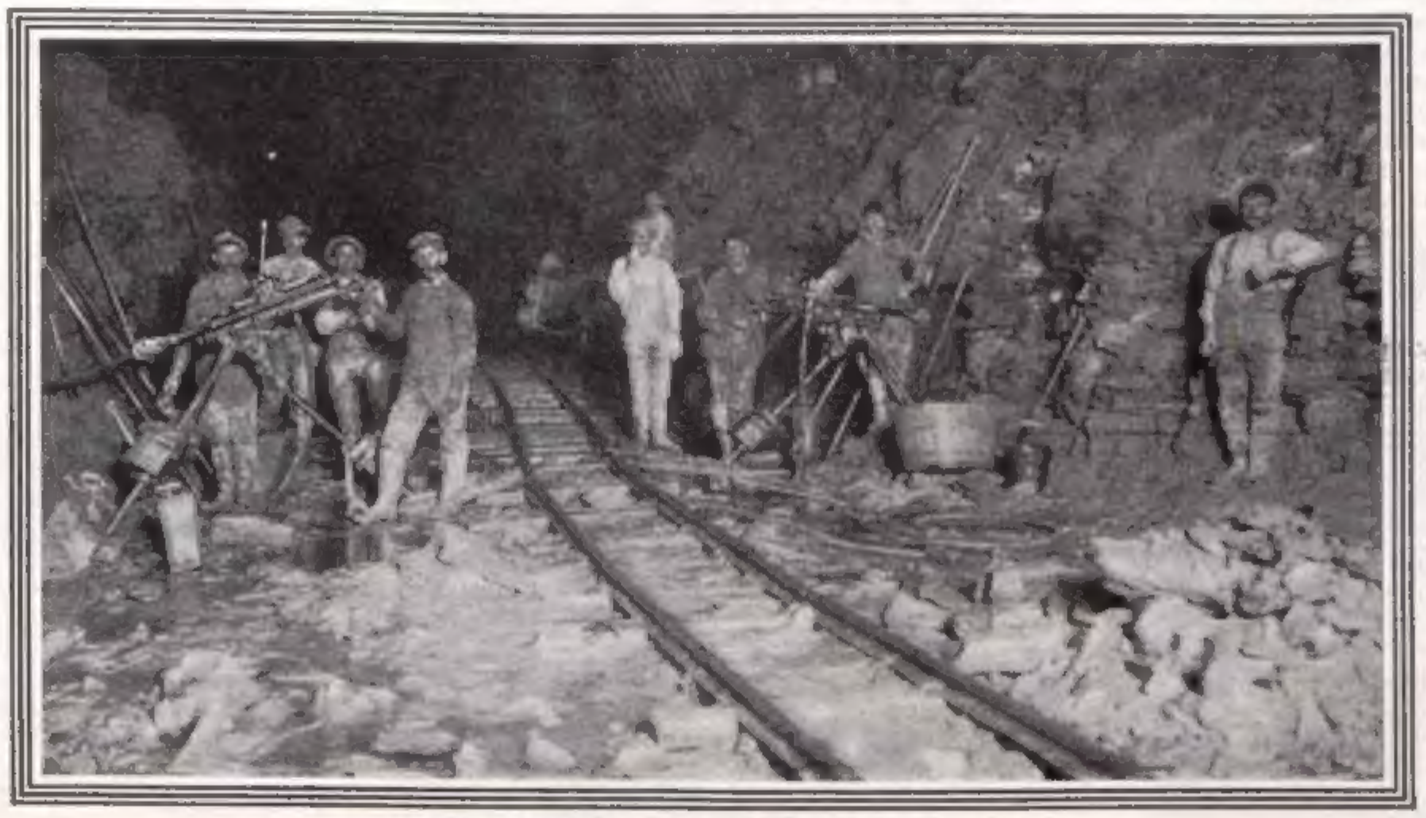
Trolley lines are everywhere and ever-ready, and resolutions in their behalf are a necessary part of current legislation. Trolley lines are more or less clamorous among the constituents of every Congressman, and by resolutions of one sort or another they are usually appeased. Moreover, the introduction of a measure by request does not cost much. Not one joint Congressional resolution in a hundred ever passes: when one does pass it is rarely heard of again.

This particular measure, however, was peculiar: peculiar in the innocence of its wording and peculiar in the tremendous sting in its tail.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of papers by Mr. Spearman on the larger strategy of railroad competition. The next will appear in an early number.

It is no exaggeration to say that there was not one chance in a thousand for it to get through both houses of Congress. The whirl, the confusion and the rush of the closing of the session were all against it. Moreover, there are a dozen Senators and Representatives whose very business in the Congress of the United States is to defeat the objects sought under cover of precisely such bills—genuine Congressional sleuths who, while raising their voices occasionally in behalf of the people that send them to Washington, are sleeplessly vigilant in behalf of the friendly "interests" whom they represent. Neither of the men that introduced this measure expected it to pass nor did they care that it should, though they little suspected all that slept under it.

A single objection raised against the waif by any stray malcontent in either house—any member with a digestion temporarily disordered—would have been fatal; yet with its purpose undreamed of by its legislative fathers and in a crush in which a thousand well-directed and fervently-urged measures always do fail, this tramp bill slipped successfully past every peril of the closing hours of the turbulent session. It passed; and its innocent words divided a railroad empire—the long, hard fight of the Wabash to get into Pittsburg was won.



DRILLING ON THE GREEN-TREE TUNNEL

The white light of publicity is supposed to burn upon all important legislation at Washington, and the appetite of the press for news of this sort approaches the ferocious. Yet here was a business calculated to shake the railroad world to its very centre and loose its bitter dogs of war from the Atlantic seaboard to the wastes of the Missouri River, done so quietly that mention of it never even crept into a Washington dispatch. More singular still, it must be remembered that its very introduction had depended on the good offices of a Pennsylvania Senator and a Pittsburg Congressman, both of whom were guiltless of the remotest intention of helping out the Wabash in its uphill encounter with the Pennsylvania Railroad for a Pittsburg terminal.

A century hence, when the curious traveler asks to see a monument that

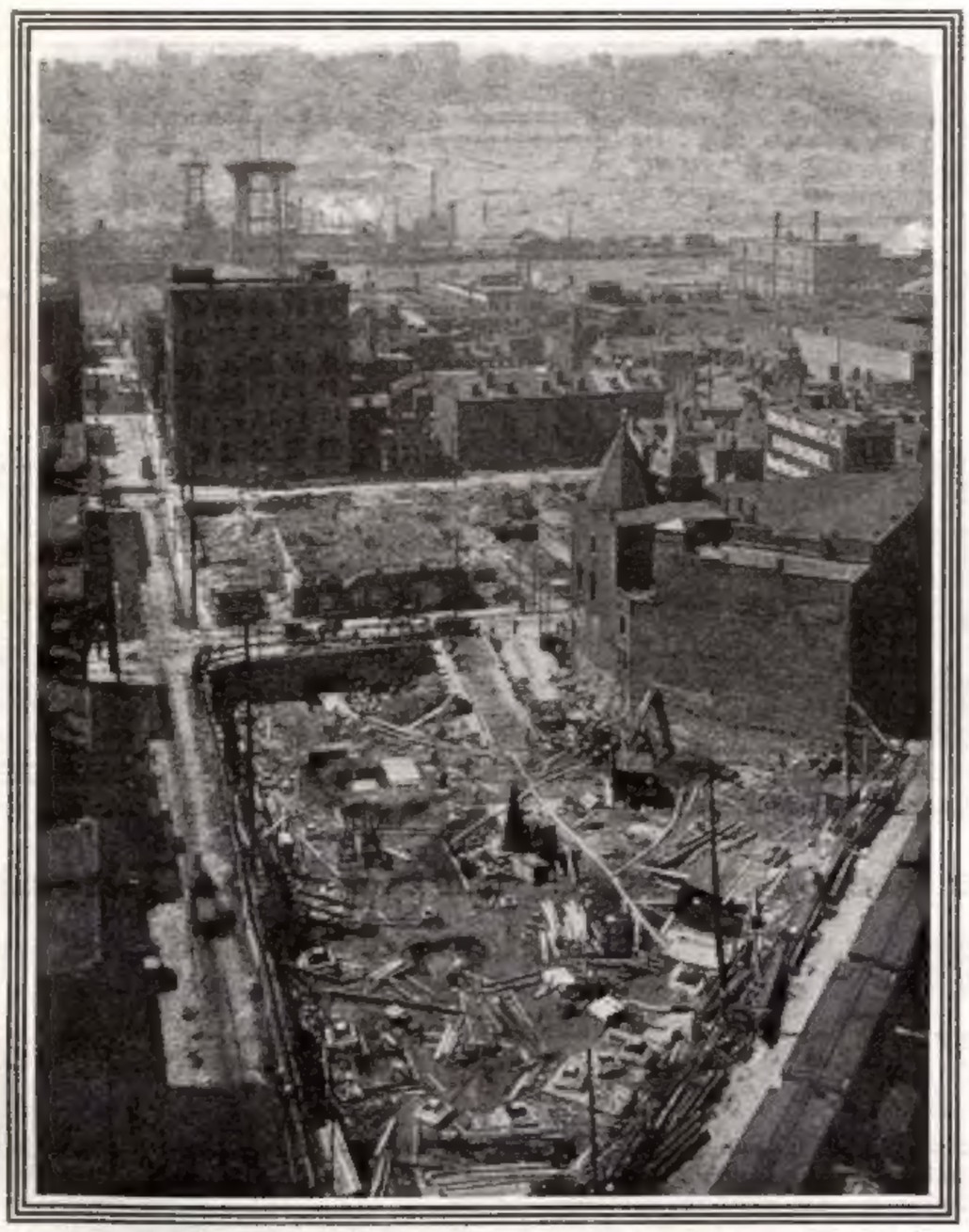
commemorates our laboriously-planned and jealously-guarded protective policy he will, without doubt, be pointed to Pittsburg. Pittsburg is our traffic gold mine. When it is said that Pittsburg and its district originate the largest freight tonnage of any city in this country, or for that matter in the world, the public mind grasps the statement fairly well and the result is some respect for Pittsburg: it was news to many when announced, but it was accepted calmly. There is, however, more than this to the statement. Pittsburg originates not only more freight tonnage than any one of our cities but more than our three greatest cities, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, combined.

A business man can digest even this astonishing fact, but how can he keep clear-headed when told that this traffic in the Pittsburg district, taking no account of what merely passes through Pittsburg, reaches the stupendous total of 75,000,000 tons in a single year? Or, again, can he really grasp what is contained in the bare statement that the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburg handles 75,000 tons of freight daily for each mile of its main line, and that last year the earnings of that portion of the system reached $165,000 a mile?

These figures are not in any sense news. They may be derived from official reports. But the public does not read railroad reports, and it is no reflection on its intelligence to say that it would not understand them if it did. Not even business men, in fact, understand the report of one railroad quite so well as the executive officers of a competing line.

This showing affords an inkling of what Pittsburg and the Pennsylvania road mean in the railroad world: a suggestion of the prize that had long hung suspended before the Wabash eyes. Is it any wonder that George Gould, owning the Wabash road, determined to put $25,000,000 into an effort to secure a terminal that would open the doors of such a storehouse?

Let there be frankly conceded the worst that can be said—and harsh railroad things have been said of Mr. Gould; for example, that he is invading a territory where he does not expect to develop one dollar's worth of new traffic—yet it comes in the end to this: that, placed owner of the Wabash system, as he was, by the combinations going forward five years ago, if he had allowed himself to be bottled up at Toledo, at Detroit or even at Buffalo, with Pittsburg in his grasp, he would not really have been quite worth while—not the own son of the keen railroad organizer whom he succeeded, and not quite so aggressively American as big railroad operators of stern necessity are. Again, Mr. Gould is not without defenders among very able and wholly impartial railroad men. Such observers, entirely outside connections with either party to the great railroad fight, questioned as to whether Mr. Gould's invasion of Pennsylvania territory is justified, answer frankly that from a railroad viewpoint it is.



P. C. & W. R. R., PITTSBURG PASSENGER TERMINAL. VIEW LOOKING SOUTHWARD FROM EMPIRE BUILDING

It was hardly more than five years ago when it became apparent to the Gould interests that a Pittsburg terminal would become, in truth, a military necessity. When, in 1895, Joseph Ramsey, Jr., was made vice-president of the Wabash its Eastern terminals were Toledo and Detroit. In the mean time the various combinations of the Pennsylvania Railroad and those of the Vanderbilt lines were taking shape. Every day emphasized the purpose of each railway power in the country to acquire feeders for itself and make impregnable a control that would take care of unfriendly competition. The Wabash could not at that time land its freight even in Buffalo save over a hostile connection. Gradually it was being cut out of a feeder here and a feeder there until action did become an absolute necessity and the Wabash was pushed to Buffalo. A Buffalo terminal was a bold move; but with Buffalo once made the Gould people looked again from Toledo for new fields, and Pittsburg, like a mirage thrown suddenly into the railroad sky, loomed upon the Wabash horizon.

The railway world of the United States was at that moment at the height of an activity such as it had never known and never again within centuries can know. Territory was then being preëmpted that never again will be open to a railroad settler; combinations were daily being made that will still govern a thousand years from now, and leases were being executed that will not terminate within thirty generations of men. What may at that time happen to these coveted properties can scarcely be expected to interest the powers of the present generation. But three years ago it meant that the man who wanted control of a road or needed a railroad footing in a contiguous territory must act, or for nine hundred and ninety-nine years thereafter hold his peace.

Gould decided to enter Pittsburg.

He had on his operating staff a man fitted for the difficult venture. Joseph Ramsey, Jr., had already been for three years vice-president and general manager of the Wabash. He had entered the engineering corps of the Pan Handle road thirty years earlier. Within a year he had been transferred to the Dresden cut-off, and while still hardly more than a boy had as assistant engineer located the Bell's Gap road, a circuitous route winding about within the very heart of the Alleghany Mountains. His movements were as rapid as his promotions. A Pittsburger born and brought up, the Alleghanies were this man's birthright, and his early life was spent as engineer, superintendent, chief engineer, from division to division and from road to road, in and out of and around Pittsburg. At thirty-three, and a general manager, he had mastered as engineer and operator every problem put before him in mountain railroading, and he knew his mountains in the Pittsburg district as well as he knew his trigonometry. Turning to Ohio, his activities as the chief engineer, the general manager and the operating vice-president of various roads took him from end to end of the State and familiarized him thoroughly with the territory from which he was destined ten years later to lead his greatest undertaking: 1898 brought him face to face with it.

From any point of view the problem of getting a railroad into Pittsburg is a staggering one. The physical obstacles alone are appalling; but these difficulties are incalculably increased by the extraordinary intrenchment of the Pennsylvania road in its own peculiar stronghold. Financially, physically and politically, the principal fortress of the great road is well-nigh unassailable. Instinctively alert and representing, as they always have, the highest astuteness in railway management, the Pennsylvania people had closed avenue after avenue toward their centre. The absorption of small lines that might offer temptation to an invader had been carried on until railroad maps were changed faster than new ones could be printed. Nevertheless, the Wabash forces organized for attack.

From Toledo a single loophole left unguarded made possible a long march toward the coveted territory. In leaving Toledo eastbound on the limited trains of the Lake Shore road travelers can see for some distance on the right a single-track railroad often mistaken for the Nickel Plate. It is a modest coal road known as the Wheeling and Lake Erie, and it runs across Ohio from Toledo quite to the eastern boundary of the State. The Wheeling and Lake Erie was owned by Cleveland people—Myron T. Herrick and his friends—and was then for sale. A gap of some sixty miles from Jewett, Ohio, would extend that meandering and very quiet coal road to Pittsburg, and George Gould determined to buy the Wheeling and Lake Erie.

It is said that the property was once offered to the Pennsylvania people. Whether it was or not, nothing could better illustrate the sharp, fast moves of the big game then already on than the story of the purchase of the Wheeling and Lake Erie. So alive were all parties at interest in the matter, the besiegers and the besieged, that in the short interval between the time Mr. Gould determined to buy the road and the consummation of his purchase he was compelled to pay more for a controlling interest in the stock than the whole road and all its securities had originally been offered for. But with the purchase of that road the mask, so far as ultimate intentions are concerned, was thrown off and active war began.

No one will say that it has ever been other than a gentlemen's fight. The conditions of the invasion were well understood and quarter was neither asked nor given; but the diplomacy, the fine moving, the gloving of the hand and the iron shock of all the secret complications of the contest cannot be and never will be written: they belong to the stories that never are told. The State of Pennsylvania is celebrated not alone as the home of one of the few great railroads in the world but as the State with the most astonishing railroad laws, and this is one of them: the directors of any railroad may in session "adopt," without restriction, any route in the State of which they choose to make a survey, and, without doing a dollar's worth of work upon it, they may hold it absolutely for a period of two years. Their record of their plans is their own privileged secret. They may meet in the publicity of a summer garden or in the seclusion of a coal mine and "adopt" any part of the Alleghanies they fancy, but they cannot be dislodged within two years under any circumstances, and, should they care to proceed, not then.

This very peculiar statute makes an attempt to enter Pennsylvania with a new railroad somewhat confusing, especially if there be powerful interests to oppose. However, the rule that works one way works the other, and the moves between Mr. Cassatt and Mr. Gould became those of experts at chess, with the Pennsylvania Railroad at times most unexpectedly calling check and the Wabash retorting with counter-check.

Naturally, that which makes a leadership effective in such a battle under cover as the Wabash was compelled to wage is a thorough acquaintance with all the factors in the contest. Ramsey, Gould's chief in the struggle, has been called, as Grant was called, a bulldog, and it is true that each of the two men has, in common with Americans of their peculiarly emotionless type, those quiet and impassive qualities of persistence that go to make up really dangerous antagonists. To men such as these an obstacle interposed means only that it is something to be crawled over, or burrowed under, or turned by the right flank or turned by the left, and as Grant hurled his men against the Wilderness lines so Ramsey hurled the Gould millions against the Pittsburg defenses. In that remarkable city alone five millions of dollars were spent in acquiring terminal property, and those sixty miles of Jewett track that Ramsey built are sown from end to end with gold. A single tunnel called for a million dollars; a second one for nearly as much. In all the United States there is nothing in railroads like this sixty-mile track. When railroad men are told that Patterson, Ramsey's chief engineer, has crossed the Ohio Valley with a maximum grade of seven-tenths per cent. and a maximum curvature of three degrees the significance of his achievement becomes of interest; and through the most adverse topography and this low rate of the curves he has managed to preserve sixty-one per cent. of straight track. To be of any value whatever to its builders the line had to be equipped for high tonnage. The very necessities called for a light-grade road with easy curves, and the engineers made their surveys to fit the requirements.

A comparison with the Pennsylvania lines in the same territory will show how 1903 has advanced railroad construction over the best construction of earlier years. The Pan Handle leaving the Ohio River at Steubenville for Pittsburg, as the Wabash extension leaves it at Mingo, has two prominent summits on its line as against one on the Wabash. The heaviest grade on the Wabash is less than thirty-seven feet to the mile against something like sixty on the Pan Handle, while the latter has curves running up to seven degrees. In all, these forty miles of Gould track have but fifty-six curves, the Pennsylvania line over one hundred. That the invaders have

(Continued on Page 22)

UNCLE REMUS RHYMES

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

The Hard-Headed Woman and the Dinner-Pot

Now, den, honey, I tell you what,
You'll be like de 'oman an' de big dinner-pot
Ef you don't min' yo' mammy. You don't see how come it?
Well, I tell you right now, you ain't fur fum it;
You kin blin'fol' my eyes, an' I'll call yo' name—
It's "Hello, Mr. Hardhead! Ain't you 'shame'?"
You kin grin an' twis' an' squirm an' frown,
But I know yo' name by de way it soun'—
Don't dull dat shoe-knife! Des put it down!

Don't pester my pegs! an' des drap dat awl!
You'll stick yo'se'f wid it, an' den you'll squall—
Don't fool wid my fillin's! don't scatter de tacks,
You'll drap um on de flo' an' lose um in de cracks—
Don't tangle my twine, an' don't chaw up my wax!
What kin you do? Why, set still a minnit,
An' de way fer ter do it is ter commence an' begin it!
I tell you, honey, you done got so wil'
Dat nobody'll b'lieve you er Miss Sally's chil'!

You wanter hear a tale? Well, you sho do skeer me!
Kaze how kin you set right still an' hear me?
De ol' sow done got up fum whar you knocked 'er,
An' de heifer is lookin' fer ter see who rocked 'er;
You er sholy ailin', an' you'll hatter see de doctor!
I dunner what gwine ter happen ef dey ain't sump'n done—
Ef you ain't rockin' creeturs, dey ain't no fun;
Boys bleeze ter have fun—you say dat yo'se'f—
Er else dey mought ez well be put on de shelf.

It mought er been Georgy, er Yellerbammer—
Fer de goodness' sake, put down dat hammer!—
In one er de yuther dar lived a 'oman,
She wuz nine parts Injun an' one part human.
She lived in a wood-lot, close ter water,
An' she done a heap er things what she ain't had oughter—
De neighbors say dat she done killt her daughter!
She had a bad temper, an' her clackin' tongue
Wuz long an' loud an' mighty well hung.

Her ol' man done de best dat he could,
He split up kindlin' an' he chopped up wood;
He fotch home meal an' he fotch home meat,
Yit she never would cook what he want ter eat;
She wuz hard-headed, honey, des like you,
An' what folks wanted wuz de thing she won't do;
But she'd scol' an' quoil de whole day thoo;
An' she'd be contrary, an' ack like a mule,
Twel de neighbors all say she's a Friday-born fool.

Ef her husban' want grits she'd cook him greens,
Ef he want roas' tater she'd bile 'im beans,
Ef he want fried meat she'd make corn-bread,
An' de pone wuz so hard 'twould 'a' broke his head—
Ef she but had 'a' hit 'im he'd 'a' done gone dead!
She'd kindle a fier wid sparrer-grass,
An' gi' her ol' man de wuss kinder sass.
She'd burn de spar'-rib an' scorch de tripe—
When it come ter meanness she wuz good an' ripe.

Her ol' man watch, an' wait, an' pray
Fer de time fer ter come when she'd change her way;
He spit in de ashes an' make a cross-mark,
An' sump'n n'er tol' 'im fer ter wait twel dark,
When de moon look pale, an' de loony-dogs bark,
An' put in de pot, when de big owls hoot,
Some thunderwood buds an' calamus root.
Well, dat night de 'oman come in kinder late,
An' she slam things 'roun' like *you* does de gate.

Atter kickin' up a rippit an' gittin' things hot,
She built a big fier un' de dinner-pot;
She put in some dumperlin's, likewise some peas,
An' flung in a sheep-head on top er deze.
De water 'gun ter bubble, an' de vittles it fou't,
Twel de sheep-head butted de dumperlin's out,
An' de peas went flyin' all 'roun' an' about.
De 'oman, she strip off her homespun sack,
Wid "No matter what happen, dat pot I'll crack!"

She got de ax, but de pot see her comin',
An' it jump off de fier, an' des went a-hummin';
Mon, inter de woods dat pot did sneak,
Beyan de branch an' way beyan de creek;
It run an' run twel de 'oman git weak,
An' when she got cotch wid a bamboo brier,
Here come de pot wid a chunk er red fier;
An' den she yell, an' den she squall,
An' de pot wuz dar fer ter ketch her when she fall.

An' she never come back, an' de pot des laugh,
A-hoppin' an' a-skippin' up de spring paff;
It come, it did, an' straddle de place
Whar it been settin' at; an' washed its face
An' scraped off de mud an' wiped off de grease—
An' de man eat his supper fer one time in peace.

An' when he come out—Mon, he wuz dress!
A long green coat an' a white silk vest,
Britches fer ter match, and shoes wid buckles,
An' a green umbrell' fer ter keep off de freckles,
An' a little cocked hat, full er green an' white speckles.
'Twuz a right smart piece fum de pon' ter de river,
So he done up his tail in de umbrell' kivver—
Ah-yi! dat's sump'n dat don't seem ter strike you:
Well, laugh on, honey, an' make folks like you!

Brer Rabbit see 'im comin', an' des fer fun
Made like he skeered, an' broke an' run—
Brer Bull-Frog bellered, "Whar my gun?"
An' hopped on atter ez hard ez he kin,
An' Brer Rabbit try hard fer ter hide a grin;
He led Brer Frog ter a holler tree,
An' in he went wid "You can't git me!"
An' out he popped on de yuther side,
Whiles de Frog hop in wid his umbrell' wide.

De Frog holler out, "I dar' you ter come!"
An' he talk des like he wuz in a base-drum;
Now, ol' smarty Rabbit had done brung his ax,
An' he hit de holler some right hard whacks—
I ain't tellin' nothin' but de natchul facts—
De Frog git skeered at so much maulin',
Kaze he thunk dat bimeby de tree'd be a-fallin';
Brer Rabbit wuz dar, an' when de Frog move
He chop his tail off smick-smack-smoove!

De Frog fotch a beller, an' make fer de river,
He lef' his tail an' de umbrell' kivver—
He lef' um dar, right on de groun',
An' de tail it wiggle twel de sun went down!

Why the Frog Has No Tail

Now, honey, you lissen, an' keep right still,
An' I'll tell you 'bout de Frog what live nigh de mill:
He stayed in de pon' when he wa'n't on de bank,
An' hot days he stayed whar de grass wuz rank;
He liked col' water, an' he liked de sun;
He wuz marked like a clown, an' full er fun—
When he stood up he sot, an' he hopped when he run.
Day in an' day out he wuz much de same—
Brer Bull-Frog dey named him, an' he answer ter de name.

Pop-eyed he wuz, wid no ha'r on his head,
An' dey wa'n't no tellin' when he went ter bed,
Kaze he'd watch all day an' beller all night,
An' de creeturs all say dat dat wa'n't right;
An' mo' dan dat, dey say 'twuz a shame
Dat any kinder creetur shill ruin his name.
Brer Bull-Frog say, "*Come along! Oh, come!*
I ain't got nothin' but a jug er rum—
Jug-er-rum! Jug-er-rum! I'll gi' you some!"

De creeturs dey say, "It's wuss an' wuss,
An' de fust news you know, he'll up an' cuss.
Er he'll git so mad dat he'll swell up an' bus'."
Brer Rabbit he hear er de jug er rum,
An' he smack his mouf wid a *Nyum-nyum-nyum!*
An' he study an' study how he'll git 'im a dram,
An' bimeby he went on de ol' mill-dam;
De water look so col' it make him shiver—
Bull-Frog say, "'Tain't col' ez de river."

De water *lap-lap!*—Brer Rabbit's skin creep—
Brer Bull-Frog beller, "*Knee-deep! Knee-deep!*"
Brer Rabbit jump in—ker-splish, ker-splash!
An' it like ter 'a' been de las' er his hash;
He fotch a snort, an' he fotch a sneeze,
It made 'im cough, an' it made 'im wheeze—
He allers strangle when it's deeper dan his knees.
Brer Rabbit put out, an' put out faster,
An' de Frog he laugh like a bull in de pastur'.

Atter dat, Brer Rabbit he watch an' wait,
He riz mighty soon, an' he went ter bed late;
He watch by de poplar, an' by the mill-gate, [grin—
Dar wuz times when he'd laugh, an' times when he'd
He wuz fixin' fer ter take dat Bull-Frog in.
Well, time flickered on, an' Brer Bull-Frog
'Gun ter think 'bout gwine fum de pon' ter de bog;
He wash his neck, an' wipe his feet,
So de gals would think he wuz mighty sweet.

The Diary of a Matchmaker

By Harrison Rhodes

OF COURSE, I SHALL BE AN OLD MAID WHEREVER I AM

DALTON, INDIANA, October 1.

I FOUND two white hairs in my red head to-night. It is funny to be starting on a new career when you are already turning gray. I wonder whether they will come very fast and whether I shall make myself quite bald trying to keep myself young-looking. I might dye my hair; only that my color of red isn't easy to get, they say, and I should hate to have my head a bright crimson like that Mrs. Williamson's who was here once from New York. I used to think that if ever my dreams came true my hair would do me one good—I could sing Wagner's heroines without a wig. Now, when I'm twenty-six and beginning to be gray, some sort of a chance has come. Not a chance to be Isolde or Brunehilde; oh, how far from it! Only a chance to go to Chicago for singing lessons and dramatic instruction, only a chance that may lead to something else.

People here at home must think me an awful fraud. I've been giving singing lessons myself, and it's on the money I have saved from what they paid me for doing this that I'm going away to try to learn how to sing. They don't know how little it means to be the best church-choir soprano in town and to get three encores at charity concerts in the Trumbull Opera House. What it would mean to be more than that I can only vaguely guess. I have bought all the opera scores I can afford, and Nan plays the accompaniments while I sing. But we only make a kind of far-off echo of what the real thing is. The music's there and one's imagination does something. There are moments when I can almost feel myself on the stage with the orchestra blaring away great chords at me and my voice going over and through them to the audience, carrying to the very cheapest seat in the gallery—way up to where, for that one perfect week, I sat every night and learned at last what music really is. There isn't any one here except Nan to whom I can even try to tell what a week like that in Chicago meant to me. One simply can't write of the music. If I could describe what the ride of the Valkyries or the love duet in the second act of Tristan made me feel I should be a great poet. It would be something if I could even tell how splendidly reckless it seemed to stay at the Leland Hotel and to spend one's dollar and a half of hard-earned money every night for the little perch near the roof of the Auditorium from which one got one's glimpse of Heaven. It may be just madness to think that one can ever be a part of all that, to imagine that one can ever sit with Tristan among the roses and sing one's very heart out. But isn't it worth trying? Why should I stay in Dalton? What is there here for me? What should I be? An old maid still singing in the First Church choir. Of course, I shall be an old maid wherever I am. But one thing I am determined upon. Nancy shall not go through my experience. She shall not rust out in a ramshackle prairie town. And she shall never have the humiliation of secretly giving her love to a man who never cared and who went away cheerily when there was a rise in salary that called him to Indianapolis. How unutterably squalid and ineffectual it all is! If I even cared for him now it would be something. But the ache is all gone. I feel a kind of arid cheerfulness about the episode. Yes, certainly I shall be an old maid. Nan may be, too, if she likes, but it shall not be because the only alternative is such a husband as this town can offer. I shall bring her on to Chicago the first moment I can. I want her to see life; I want life to see her, and know how beautiful and unselfish and unconscious she is, and how wonderful it is that she is my sister. There isn't a man here I could bear to see her marry, not a man who wouldn't tie her down to this dreadful dull life here, not one fit to fasten her shoestrings. And I want her to marry, not to work. I am to do the work; that is by far the best arrangement. I am only too thankful that she is *not* tormented by ambition. She has simply grown up straight and beautiful; sprung up like a flower. She's not a woman who wants to do something or to be something; she's just the lovely primitive creature who in herself justifies her own existence. She's given me a new meaning to that text about the lilies of the field. I remember that when I was a child I used to think them idle, hateful flowers. But when one looks at Nan one can somehow understand how beauty and sweetness are ends in themselves, and why the lilies, though they toil not nor spin, are arrayed as never Solomon in all his glory. I want Nan just to live; that's all. It was meant that I should work for her and watch over her, else why were we left alone in the world six years ago? It seems disloyal to Aunt Mattie to say we have been quite alone; but I have always known that the responsibility was mine and that I must be father and mother as well as sister to the child. So to-morrow I'm going out into the world to see what it contains for her and me.

CHICAGO, March 15.

They tell me I can sing. I have hunted up this old diary in order to put down these words. I used to scribble in it at home because there was nothing better to do; here I have neglected it because there is so much. But just now nothing's so much worth while as writing that sentence: They tell me I can sing. I had a trial yesterday before Frennach and he told me that, if my voice kept on like this till a year from now, he would give me an engagement. And it shall keep on, not only for the first tiny part which I shall get, but much longer, even if it takes years. If it breaks the next day it shall last until I have been Isolde once.

Meanwhile, for the coming year I am to work as I never worked before, and on Sundays I am to sing in St. Stephen's choir for money enough to let me have a flat of my own and Nan with me. How everything comes at once! It is too much happiness, so much joy that at times it makes me afraid that some one at least of my plans must go wrong. There is still another plan, a secret one, which nobody must know. It is really no joke when I talk of myself as the child's mother, for I'm developing some of the maternal instincts. It will be in quite the traditional spirit of the matchmaker that I shall watch Nan and Alec Harvey when they meet. No, I hope the spirit will not be quite traditional; there is something so sordid in the sound of that. And there is nothing in that sense calculating about my plans. They are both penniless, both without position. They have nothing more wonderful than that Nan is Nan and Alec Alec. He is the only man I've ever seen I should be willing Nan should marry, and I ought to know his merits, for we have been such good friends, such pals. I met Alec within two weeks after I came to Chicago. Our lessons at the Conservatory happened to come at the same time, and one day, as we both were waiting for something in the hall before going, Madame Zerliski came along and introduced us. In no time at all after that we were friends. Of course, students become acquainted very easily. In the same time I came to know at least a dozen others, some of them well, but none so well as Alec. It makes one proud to be what one is, a Western girl, when one realizes what a free, natural, honest companionship one may have with a man without anybody's criticising or caring. In Dalton one might have had it, only there wasn't any companion. But if one trusts books it isn't possible everywhere.

What splendid times Alec and I have had together! We have walked up through Lincoln Park Sundays in the snow, and sometimes we have skated. We have spent Saturday afternoons at the Art Institute and Saturday evenings at the Thomas concert. We have gone to the theatre—Alec has a friend on a newspaper who sometimes gives him tickets—and last, and best, we have sat side by side in the topmost gallery and heard the opera. With some one by me who has the same taste and ambitions I hear music almost doubled in power and beauty. I remember how Alec put his hand on mine after the second act of Tristan and said, "Oh, Nell, do you suppose we shall ever be able to sing that ourselves? We could, I know." He had felt, as I had, that it was the loveliest music ever written. Some day he will sing it wonderfully. When Frennach was here Alec had a frightful cold; it was no use his trying to sing. But I'm sure that gorgeous voice will give him a chance soon. It's my greatest hope that our chance will come at the same time. I *mean* to be a success, but I *know* Alec will be. In the first place, there isn't a tenor singing anywhere with such looks. He won't let me tell him that he's handsome. He only laughs and says that if we are to talk about such things I am beautiful myself. I tell him he hasn't seen Nan. If he really does think me at all pretty he will appreciate the child, who's like me, but, oh, with what a difference! But it is true that Alec is splendid with his dark hair and his Irish eyes—he is furious when I call them violet. And besides that, he is what he should be with such a face. He is right and straight and honest and clean all through, I know. With all the manliness he is, of course, only a boy, and he is always laughing and joking and at times tormenting me almost to death with his chaff. I keep asking him when he will ever grow up—he is a year younger than I am—but I don't want him to. If he did, our relation might not be quite what it is, and it's the pleasantest part of my new life here.

If Alec doesn't know about Nan it's not for lack of my talking on the subject. Indeed, he makes fun of me about it, says I am a "silly old sentimentalist" and swears he doesn't believe she's half as nice as I am. But I can't help telling people how fine she is. I wonder sometimes whether it is wrong and whether Alec can be disappointed when she comes. No; I think with Nan one can take that risk.

There was a ridiculous scene here last night. I have just moved in and of course I have arranged for Nan to leave Aunt Mattie's and come up here at the earliest possible moment. She is to arrive to-morrow, and it became quite apparent yesterday that the flat wasn't going to be ready to receive her. I happened to say something about this in the morning at the Conservatory, and at once half a dozen recruits offered to come over to Oak Street in the evening and help me hang pictures. They came, and it is a fact that by eleven o'clock a good deal of work had been done, though how it was managed I scarcely knew. For Sam Inchfield and Willoughby Wallace insisted on singing coon songs from the moment they arrived, and complimented me extravagantly on my forethought in having a piano in already. I pointed out to them that if I could find some one to take it away at once I might get a little work out of them, but they seemed to miss

JUST THE LOVELY PRIMITIVE CREATURE WHO IN HERSELF JUSTIFIES HER OWN EXISTENCE

the point of this comment. Alec came late, so Ellis Armstrong did most of what was done. He worked pretty steadily all through the evening, only pausing a moment from time to time to ask why his wife did nothing. Isabel sat peacefully in my one comfortable chair and talked Tschaikowsky to me whenever there was a lull and she could get a chance. John Firman, who can always be the most absurd of any absurd company, arrived in a condition of great apparent solemnity, took off his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves and announced that the strenuous life was the only life worth living. He then rolled down his shirt-sleeves, put on his coat, went out and purchased eight bottles of beer, some cheese and some crackers. Where he got the money to do this no one knows, but, as it made a very satisfactory supper, it wasn't thought worth while to investigate Sam's suggestion that he had probably stolen everything. We were engaged with these refreshments when Sam began:

"We're doing a great deal of work to-night," he said (it wasn't true; Ellis did all there was done—but no matter), "and all in order that a certain young woman may come from the unrefined purlieus of Indiana to mingle in our society. As we have never," he continued with elaborate sarcasm directed at me, "never heard a word about her, I propose that her sister should talk to us a little on the subject. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present Miss Ellen Truesdale, commonly known as Nell, who will play the rôle of Boswell to the Doctor Johnson of that talented young artist, Miss Nancy Truesdale."

I don't mind this nonsense at all, and when they begin like this I've just one way of dealing with them. I *do* talk about Nan; and they really never make fun of me except nicely. In a few minutes John Firman interrupted me—he had taken off his coat again and rolled up his shirt-sleeves, but it was the only progress he made during the evening toward working.

"I have decided," he said, "that I shall marry this young woman. What Nell tells must convince you that she is worthy of me."

This caused a most awful uproar. Sam and Willoughby dragged John from the top of the step-ladder on which he had perched himself and sat upon his prostrate form while they themselves both formally proposed to me for Nan's hand. Ellis, meanwhile, said he should consult with Isabel as to the possibility of his getting a divorce from her in time for him to put in his application. They were in a perfect gale of fun, which I didn't mind at all, because that is really more or less the way they will all feel (of course not Ellis) when they do see her. I helped on the joke to the extent of asking them what possible reasons they could have for hoping that any young woman would think of marrying any of them. At that, virtues, talents and worldly advantages tumbled at my feet in bewildering array. I forget what Sam and Willoughby offered. I remember that John gave as his claims seriousness, industry and great wealth. In reply to the derisive cheers that greeted the last allegation he waved his hand with great dignity toward the remains of the supper which he had provided, and stilled the tumult. (Later he said that Willoughby had at once tried to borrow money from him, and there was another uproar.)

"YOU NEVER SEE ANYTHING AT ALL, YOU DEAR NELL," SAID ALEC

Alec laughed as heartily as any one at all this, but—why, I don't quite know—he made no offer on his own behalf. This did not pass unnoticed. Sam challenged him to mortal combat for having insulted both Nan and me, and John, under the pretense of defending Alec, said he must disclose to us the fact that Madame Zerliski, who is sixty if she's a day, had secretly become Mrs. Alexander Harvey.

I wonder a little why it was. Perhaps it is because he feels already what Nan will be like and so it seemed too serious for jest. It can't be that there is another girl; he would have told me, I'm sure, we're such pals. He did talk to me once about marriage, and said that he wouldn't ask any girl to marry him now, even if he were in love; that until he was surer of his career it wouldn't be right to offer any one so precarious a life. He is right, I think, but the career will come. Meanwhile Nan comes to-morrow.

MAY 20.

I think I'm going to have a proposal. The old diary is dragged out again to receive a record of this important fact. Even when one has no idea of accepting it, such an offer is a thrilling event to any girl. And when one isn't quite sure that one is going to get it, it is perhaps just as well to confine one's prophecies to the pages of a diary. I don't think I am really conceited, yet I suppose that is what must be going to happen. I wonder whether, since I know what the answer to the question will be, I ought to prevent it's being asked. But if any harm is done it's done already. Honestly, I wouldn't hurt the dear old thing's feelings for anything, but Mr. Kavanagh's affection for me, if he has any, is of too placid a kind ever to lead to heart breaks. I like him very much, and he likes being about with us. Nan and Alec and I all like him well enough to enjoy his companionship thoroughly, even if there weren't so many parties as a result. And they *are* nice parties; one can do pleasant things with money. There have been dinners in town and out at the Saddle and Cycle Club by the lake, theatres, concerts, all sorts of things. At first I thought we ought not to accept so much. But Nan loves it all so that I could not bear to refuse. She likes Mr. Kavanagh and she enjoys all the pleasures he gives us in a way that surprises me. It only shows, I suppose, how naturally the normal woman takes to luxury. Nan drinks it in as a flower does the sun. It is nothing to her imagination to dispense millions. Her pocket-money in Dalton was seventy-five cents a week, and yet the other day as we were going up the Lake Shore Drive I heard her telling Mr. Kavanagh just what sort of a house she should have, and just where she should want it, if she could live there. She would make a splendid rich woman, a gorgeous leader of society. But that is only because she would be wonderful at anything. I shouldn't do it well, so I shall refuse; and then, besides, I don't in the least love Mr. Kavanagh. I am delighted that he should be our friend and I realize to the full how amazing it is that he is. Poor girls from the country, studying music in Chicago, do not usually make lasting friends out of people introduced to them by chance at an Art Institute reception, especially when those people are rich and prominent citizens. A man like Mr. Kavanagh, only fifty (it's not really old, I suppose, except by contrast), and with delightful and cultivated tastes, isn't a friend to be had for the asking. He must have liked us awfully in the very beginning to take all the trouble he did to keep us in sight even. He has been so nice about Alec, too; he has always asked him to make the fourth when we were doing anything. That has made the parties so much pleasanter. And though Nan is nice to Mr. Kavanagh, and Alec charming to me, I don't doubt that they like these occasions for being thrown together.

I know they like each other, yet I can't tell how my match-making is coming on. I have never told either of them my plan, naturally. I can't question Alec, and I don't like to ask Nan. She's curious. There is in her sometimes a kind of aloofness, I don't know quite what to call it, a sort of dignity, an air of being able to take care of herself, that keeps me away from certain topics. I could tell Nan anything about myself; I don't think she could do quite the same with me. Perhaps it is the inflexibility of youth. Nan, dear child, explains it another way. She is always telling me that she is the one who is grown up, that I am an impulsive cub, and that she must do the thinking for the family.

"Nell, dear," she said the other day, "I'm not a bit like what you think I am. I'm not nearly so nice as you. But I like you to go on deceiving yourself. Perhaps everything will come out all right."

I suppose that's only a touch of morbidness of some sort. I don't know what it means, I'm sure; the speech certainly isn't clear. At any rate, the girl has such depths of reserve that I don't know what she thinks of Alec. She likes him; she is always saying what a nice boy he is. But to her he should seem a man, for he is three years older than she. It's to me that he's a boy. She is awfully interested in his career, and she often talks of the time when she hopes he and I can sing together in opera. But that isn't loving him. It isn't even as much interest as I feel.

It would be terrible if Alec cared for her and she not for him. If that happened I should feel so guilty. I don't question him or try to find out. We just go along in the same dear old friendly way, and when Nan takes charge of Mr. Kavanagh sometimes and leaves Alec to me we have the merriest times. But we don't speak of Nan, not so much as we used to before she came. He is shy with me, I suppose. But from something Nan told me I'm afraid—no, I'm glad—no, I'm afraid that he has done what I wanted him to do, that he has fallen in love with her. They were talking about his going to New York next month. Madame Zerliski has heard something from Frennach, and it appears that it is worth Alec's while to go on to sing for him. After all, he may get an engagement before I do. I hope he will, dear boy; he deserves it, for he sings better. It was apropos of all this that he hinted to Nan that he was in love and that if this trip to New York succeeds he shall feel that he can speak. I'm sure if she cared for him that she would have let him speak then. Oh, Alec dear, what have I done?

JUNE 25.

When I came in after lessons and things to-day at two o'clock there was a telegram from Alec in New York:

Trial successful. Am engaged for next fall. Hurrah! Zing! Boom! Coming back by first train to talk to you about things. ALEC.

It's too splendid, too wonderful, too lovely! Dear old Alec! The diary is recording my joy because there is no one here to talk to. Nan has gone golfing for the day. It was Mr. Kavanagh's party and, as I couldn't go, I made her go alone. There were to be others and a chaperon. I wonder if she knows. There was a telegram for her before she left, the maid says, but she thinks it was about the golf arrangements. How glad Nan will be! How glad? I wonder.

I have just read over what I wrote last month. Everything is just as it was then except that I haven't been proposed to. I'm a silly old thing after all, and Mr. Kavanagh is just a friend, without any ulterior intentions. Yet, somehow, I thought he wanted to marry. Alec will want to know, if what he told Nan is still true.

JUNE 26.

I am in no state this morning to go to my lessons, so I may as well write. I am still staggered by yesterday's events. Nan came home at nine in the evening, alone. She looked excited, but in that quiet, fire-within kind of way she has.

"Nell, dear," she said, "I've something to tell you. I am engaged to be married."

I worked it all out in a flash. When he had telegraphed me the good news he had sent her another message. She had answered and he was now hurrying home to his promised wife. Everything had happened as I wished, I told myself; and then I surveyed my work. Moments of mortal danger, the instant of drowning and such, are the only times when it

(Concluded on Page 24)

The Substitute Manager

He Found that it Makes a Difference Whose Ox is Gored

By Elliott Flower

IT WAS the second time in less than a year that a wage increase had been demanded, and Ennis had no hesitation in saying that he thought it an imposition.

"What is it to you?" demanded Burns. "It's no money out of your pocket."

"That has nothing to do with the case," returned Ennis. "I am put here by the company to look after its interests, and I've got to see things from that point of view. You might as well advise me to sell goods at a loss because 'it's no money out of my pocket.' I'm handling the company's goods and the company's money, and it's my duty to be more careful of both than I would be of my own affairs. To look at it as you suggest would be selfish, if not actually dishonest. The very fact that the company has placed me in almost absolute control makes it the more imperative that I should guard its interests jealously. The men are asking too much, Burns."

"Oh, the company can stand it," retorted Burns carelessly. "The company is so rich that it couldn't tell from the dividends that wages had been raised. Somebody would have to carry the news to the stockholders or they'd never know it. This isn't the big plant, you know."

"Now, see here, Burns," said Ennis earnestly, "you ought to be wiser than that. You know this factory as well as I do, and you know the history of it. You worked here until your labor-union duties demanded all of your time; you and I worked almost side by side some years ago, and we have each progressed: I'm the head of the factory, and you do just about what you please with the union. You know that when the company opened its big plant there was talk of abandoning this entirely, as a matter of economy, and that it was finally decided to run it as a sort of independent chair factory. That's all we make here now. Every other department was transferred to the new plant, and I was left here temporarily to turn out the chairs. I did it so well that the plant has been running ever since, but how long do you think it will continue after it fails to show a reasonable profit? The upholstered and fancy chairs are turned out at the other plant now; we have only the plain lines, and we won't have those the moment my reports begin to look unsatisfactory to the company. I tell you, I've been working for the men as well as for the company, and they ought to appreciate it. Just remember that the original plan was to close both the old plants when the new big one was opened, that the plant at Woodville was closed, that this one was left open as a temporary expedient, and that I have succeeded in keeping it open ever since. I'm free to do pretty much as I please, but only so long as the balance-sheet is all right. Do you think you could have done any better by the men?"

"Well, I wouldn't stand in the way when it came to the question of letting them make a little more money," asserted Burns. "The trouble with you is that you have lost sympathy with them; you've been a boss so long that you've forgotten the days when you were a labor man yourself. You haven't the interest in their welfare that I have."

"I haven't!"

"Of course you haven't. I'm one of them and you're not."

"Burns, I come nearer to being one of the men than you do," said Ennis with some heat. "You see only one side of the case, while I see both; you are an outsider now and have no conception of the harmony necessary to success. Like some other labor leaders, you have got the idea that the man who pays wages is a man to be fought at every turn—to be coerced and pushed to the last extremity. You do not give him credit for trying to do the fair thing; he is your natural enemy and your natural prey, and the harder you can press him the better you like it. Your method is the method of war and not of business. It's a short-sighted policy, Burns, that has done, and is doing, a vast amount of harm, for it destroys the basis on which a manufacturer can figure safely. If he takes a contract that has a time-penalty clause attached to it you have him at a disadvantage that you are quick to see and you may force an actual loss on him."

"My business is to look out for the men's interests," argued Burns.

"Where does the profit to the men come in if business has to be done at a loss?" demanded Ennis. "How long will they have jobs when things reach that stage in any given plant? I tell you, the shortsightedness of a good many labor leaders has put concerns out of business and lost jobs for the men, but I don't intend to let that happen here if I can help it. You may tell the men that there will be no wage increase at present."

"Then there will be a strike," said Burns.

"If there is, this plant will be closed for good," retorted Ennis.

"Oh, that's all talk!" declared Burns with an exasperating air of superior knowledge. "The company is making a good thing here, and the big plant has all it can do to turn out the other lines. The talk of transferring the business and closing down is a bluff."

"I wish you were in my place, with my knowledge of the situation, for about five minutes," remarked Ennis.

"I'd like to be," laughed Burns. "I'd trade places with you in a minute."

Ennis looked at the labor man thoughtfully. Abel Burns was a man of considerable ability, but supremely selfish; he looked at everything from a personal viewpoint and lost no chance to advance his own interests. He had advanced them in the union by his aggressiveness in behalf of the men, but in other circumstances it was more than probable that he would look at things in a very different way. This does not mean that he was a schemer or a hypocrite, but rather that he could not see much beyond himself.

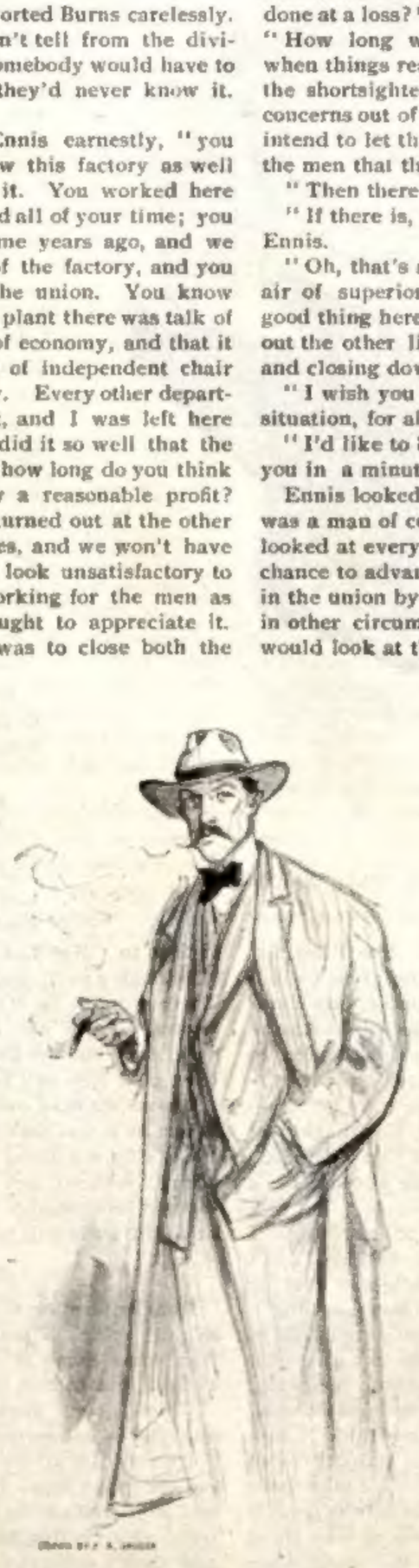
"Burns," said Ennis finally, "I am going on a vacation. If you will promise to go slow, to take no radical action without thoughtful consideration, to become familiar with the situation before making any changes, I'll make you substitute manager and leave you in full charge."

"A bribe?" asked Burns suspiciously.

"Not at all. I am putting you in a position where you will have the same authority to act on this wage increase, and all other matters, that I have. You were in this factory for more than ten years, and you ought to know it pretty well. So far as the detail work of the office is concerned, you will have the same assistants that I have had, and they can give you any information or help that you may need. You will have full authority, subject only to the restrictions that have been placed upon me; and," here was the master-stroke, "if you make a good record the company may have further use for you. Capable managers, who know the factory end of the business, are not plentiful. Will you try it?"

Burns was still suspicious. It was a magnificent opportunity to demonstrate his ability and the soundness of his position, but he feared a trap of some kind.

"If you won't take hold and show me where my management is wrong," added Ennis, as he saw the other hesitate, "you have no right to criticise my position. And how will you explain it to the men?"



"THE COMPANY CAN STAND IT," RETORTED BURNS

"IF YOU FORCE A STRIKE YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'LL LAND"

"I'll do it," said Burns, "if you will fix it with the company."

"There's no fixing to be done," said Ennis. "I'll simply send word that I have placed you temporarily in charge. So far as this factory is concerned, the company gives attention only to the balance-sheets and monthly reports, except when it forwards orders to be filled. I'll write to-day."

What John Ennis, manager, wrote might have proved interesting to Abel Burns, substitute manager; but the latter did not see it.

The men were jubilant when they heard of the change. Ennis had been one of them some years before, but his experience as a "boss" had made him hard and cold-blooded—at least, that was the view that Burns had taught them to take of him. Burns was the warm-hearted man, devoted to their interests; they could rely on him to see that they got the money to which they were entitled; he would not think of dividends alone, and rob them to enrich the stockholders. Here again they were unconsciously quoting Burns himself, for he was the one who had put the matter in this light and had led them to believe that they were not getting all that they should get. Now he was in a position to give it to them.

The day that he assumed control they sent a committee to congratulate him, and the day was one of general jubilation. True, the committee found Burns a little more dignified than formerly, and somehow the members did not extend their congratulations with the familiarity that they had planned. It seemed as if the swivel chair that he occupied made a difference in the man. However, it was evident that he wanted to be friendly, and some allowance had to be made for the novelty of the position in which he found himself. He greeted them warmly, but with some reserve.

"I am going to try," he said, "to make a record here that will please you all."

"We'll find the record in the pay envelopes Saturday?" suggested one of the committee.

"Not this week," replied Burns. "I'm new here, you know, and I've got to find out just what the situation is."

"I thought you knew," suggested another of the committeemen. "You always said you did."

"I am pledged not to act hastily," explained Burns. "I want to do the very best I can, but it won't do to rush things at the beginning. I think wages ought to be higher, and I'm going to make them higher just as soon as I can see my way clear to do it, but I've got to have a little time. Oh, you needn't worry," he added, as he saw the blank look on the men's faces. "You know *me*, and you know that I'm going to look out for *you*, but I've got to see where I stand first."

The men retired, dubious. As a labor leader Burns had told them repeatedly that the company could well afford to increase wages; as a manager, with all sources of information at his command, he did not seem to know so much about it.

"He talks just like any other boss," they grumbled, "and he acts a good deal like one, too."

As a matter of fact, the delay in raising wages would not have troubled them so much if they had not noted a change in the new manager's manner toward them. There was something of dignity and constraint in it that had been lacking before; they did not have the feeling of freedom in his

presence that they had expected. He tried to carry out the old idea of fellowship, but there was an unconscious air of condescension, an aloofness that was displeasing. In truth, he was just a little bit afraid of them. He intended to raise wages, but he did not wish to be pinned down to a specific promise. He was responsible now, and with responsibility came a haunting fear that possibly Ennis was right in saying that the business would not justify a further increase at this time. A man without responsibility jumps to conclusions; a man with responsibility goes more cautiously. Burns had honestly believed that, in Ennis' place, he would unhesitatingly raise the pay of the men, but now he saw the very great importance of making no mistake. And, however hard he tried to be a good fellow, this responsibility made him a man apart and gave a trace of condescension to his tone and manner when he stopped to speak to one of the men. On the street, too, he was abstracted, and the man who thinks may seem to be assuming a superiority that he does not feel.

A letter from the headquarters of the company added to the awkwardness of the situation. "Mr. Ennis informs us," it read, "that he has suddenly decided to take the vacation to which he has been long entitled, and that he has put you in charge of the factory temporarily. We know that you are thoroughly conversant with the manufacturing end of the business, and we hope that Mr. Ennis is justified in his estimate of your ability to succeed as office manager. Had there been time before his departure to consult with us, we doubtless should have sent a man from here to take charge, but we are content to leave the matter as it stands for the present. As you doubtless know, we intended to close the old plant long ago, but Mr. Ennis urged us to keep it open, and he has done so well with it that we have refrained from making the change originally contemplated. At the same time, we are not entirely satisfied. We believe that greater economy of administration and manufacture is possible, and we should be glad to have you take this opportunity to see what can be done to that end. It may save us the necessity of sending a man from the home office to investigate this subject. Perhaps, after you have had time fully to grasp the situation and to formulate plans for improvement, it would be well for you to come on here and talk the matter over with us—say, in about a month or six weeks."

After reading the letter Burns put his feet on the desk, tilted back his chair, and gazed abstractedly out of the window.

"Greater economy of administration and manufacture!" he mused. "That's a nice problem to throw at a man who is practically pledged to increase wages. And if I fail to make the right kind of a record Ennis will be recalled or the plant will be closed. Where shall I stand with either the men or the company if my management results in closing the plant?" He went over the letter again. "There's no promise there," he commented, "but it reads like a good thing for me if I make the right kind of a showing. And Ennis is to be gone longer than I thought—two or three months apparently."

He brought his chair down with a bang and touched a bell-button that brought Dent, the bookkeeper, to him. Dent was an old office employee, upon whom Ennis had told him he could safely rely for information and advice, and already much of value had been found in this information and advice. In fact, Dent had proved to be a sort of routine manager, lacking initiative but fully capable of keeping things running.

"Dent," said Burns, "you have given me a good general idea of the situation here, but I need more detail. I wish you would have one of your assistants prepare a statement for the last year, showing the expenses of each department, the average of production in each by months, the margin of profit, and the total income that the company has derived from this plant."

"Very well, sir," returned Dent.

"The company thinks the cost of manufacture is too high," explained Burns.

"The company always did think that," said Dent. "Ennis had a good deal of trouble when he advanced wages nine months ago. Only the confidence that the officers had in him personally kept them from closing the plant then."

"Well, I've got to find some way to increase wages without affecting the profits," asserted Burns irritably.

"I don't see how it can be done," returned Dent. "Ennis did a lot of 'trimming' at the time of the last increase—all that was possible, I guess."

"You don't see any chance for further economy, do you?"

"No, sir. The material is contracted for at the other plant and charged up to us at cost, so there is no chance to do anything in that line. We get it cheaper that way than we could if we bought separately, anyway. You've either got to get more work out of the men or pay them less money, if you want to economize."

"Well, I'll see what I can get from the statement," said Burns disconsolately.

But the statement gave little of promise. It showed where Ennis had "trimmed" partly to make up for the last wage increase, but it did not show where any more "trimming" could be done. The profits from the factory had been a little more than fair, but nothing extraordinary, and he was asked to make them higher. This was the problem that had his attention when the committee of the men again called.

"Don't be so anxious!" he exclaimed angrily. "I'm doing the best I know how, and you'll get your money just as soon as I can give it to you. I'm trying to study it out now," and he tapped the statement on his desk, "but it can't be done in a minute. Just give me time and I'll fix it."

"That's what you said ten days ago," suggested one of the committeemen.

Burns turned on him sharply.

"It looks to me, Blakeley," he said, "as if the men in your department were loafing on their jobs. Why don't you stir 'em up and make 'em do more work? That's the way to get more money."

"They do all that the union rules call for," expostulated Blakeley, "and we want to give work to as many men as possible."

Burns subsided. This was his old doctrine, and he could not consistently attack it now.

"You ought to have confidence in me," he said conciliatorily. "I am doing everything possible to find a way to increase wages."

"You always knew how it could be done before you were able to do it yourself," growled Blakeley. "Now that you can, you seem to have forgotten how. I don't see why we should stand any more from you than we would from Ennis."

"Because you know that I want to fix you up all right and that I'm going to do it," explained Burns, still conciliatory, for he realized that he was face to face with trouble. "I've got to find a way to square it with the stockholders; that's all."

Burns was beginning to lose sleep as a result of his anxiety, and this told on him. He was worried night and day. He wanted to keep faith with the men, but he had to satisfy the company; in the latter course lay future success that might take him out of the ranks of labor and give him a position higher up on the business ladder. He was ambitious. Ambition had led him to seek, and secure, union leadership, but here was a chance to get beyond that. A call from one of the principal stockholders in the company resulted in putting the matter before him even more plainly.

"We haven't been quite satisfied with this plant for some months," explained Mr. Ackerman, the stockholder, "and I thought I'd take this opportunity to run up here and look the ground over."

"There seems to be a pretty good profit in it now," argued Burns.

"True," admitted Ackerman, "but why shouldn't there be more? When a man risks his money in a manufacturing plant he expects to get a better return for it than he would if he loaned it on collateral. There is a risk involved that makes this a reasonable view to take of the question. Now, this plant ought to average ten or twelve per cent. on the investment, and it doesn't average over six or seven. Everything is favorable here, except labor. For some inscrutable reason, Ennis advanced wages until we are paying slightly more than we should have to pay at the big plant, and in consequence it's a serious question whether we couldn't do better by transferring the business. We can't see why, with a favorable market and ideal conditions, there should not be enough in this plant now to fortify us for a dull season, and I don't mind saying that we're looking for a man who can get enough out of it to do that. If you can show that you're the man it is probable that we shall leave you here and make a place for Ennis at the other plant. Anyhow, the company is looking for men who have the technical information and the business ability to get results."

After Ackerman had left Burns went through the factory. He had little to say to the men, and was so absorbed in thought that he did not notice how some of them scowled at him. He spent half an hour to an hour in each department. Then he returned to his office and sent for the foremen.

"The men have got to do better," he announced. "They're not doing half the work that they can do, and I want them pushed to the limit. Conditions in two of the departments are absolutely outrageous. I won't mention the departments now, but I expect to see a change immediately. We've got to increase the production by fifty per cent."

The men looked at each other uneasily, and some one in the background mentioned wages.

"Wages!" cried Burns. "Why, the company isn't making enough to keep the plant going now! You can't get more wages by trying to see how little work you can do!" Then, fearful of the effect of this outburst, he added pacifically: "Brace up, and you'll get the increase."

"When?" asked one.

"Just as soon as I can give it to you," answered Burns. "We've got to show the company what we can do when we try first; we've got to make this plant pay. It can't be run as a charitable institution."

Burns was resorting to subterfuge and deceit, and the confidence he had gained as a labor leader was being rapidly dissipated. Still, he had been the men's friend, and they hesitated to go to the extreme of expelling him from the union and declaring a strike. They had become suspicious, but they still hoped he would do "the right thing."

"THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID TEN DAYS AGO," SUGGESTED ONE OF THE COMMITTEEMEN

Ennis walked into the factory unexpectedly one morning. Ennis was applying an heroic remedy to an intolerable situation; he was running a risk, but he had carefully calculated the chances. A strike or a reduction of the profits from any cause would result in shutting down the plant and transferring the business to the big establishment, and, at the worst, Burns could do no more than hasten that, while his experience might improve conditions.

Ennis did not go to the office, but sauntered through the various departments and chatted with the men. He noticed that they were very glad to see him, that their faces brightened, and that the foremen grasped his proffered hand with some warmth.

"Got the increased wages yet?" he asked casually.

"No," was the sullen reply.

"What!" he cried. "Why, that's outrageous! Burns has full authority, and he took the place for that purpose."

"Burns is the worst boss we ever had," asserted one of the men bitterly. "He's a slave-driver! If he isn't careful we'll have him out of the union in another week. There he comes now."

Ennis slipped behind a pile of material and watched the substitute manager. The latter's brow was clouded, and he spoke sharply to various men. There was nothing of the old comradeship about him now; he was a worried and dictatorial boss. He found fault with everything and nearly everybody.

"This is the worst department in the shop," he declared. "You're behind all the time, and you're delaying the others. If you'd only keep up with the procession our output would be twenty-five per cent. greater, and it ought to be fifty per cent. There'll be hard times here pretty quick if you don't watch out."

He stood behind one man for several minutes, watching him with critical eyes.

"You haven't got your lathe gauged up to the limit," he said at last. "There ought to be more speed in it."

"It's gauged up to my limit," said the man sullenly.

"Then we'll have to put in some one who can work faster," retorted Burns.

The man stopped the lathe and turned on the substitute manager.

"I'm not going to stand any more of this from you, Abe Burns!" he exclaimed angrily. "You used to try to hold us to the minimum limit of work, and now you're trying to push us beyond the maximum. Just because you've got in the manager's chair doesn't make you any bigger or better than you were before or the rest of us are now."

"Oh, you people make me tired!" said Burns.

"We put you where you are!" retorted the man; "and we can pull you out of that chair so quick it will make your head swim! If you force a strike you know where you'll land, with neither union nor company back of you."

Two or three other men had stopped work to listen, and Burns turned on them sharply, but evidently thought better of his impulse. There was more of truth in what the man said than he realized.

"How can I do anything for you," demanded Burns, "if you won't help me? I tell you, wages depend on the record we are able to make right now. That's what's going to count for us all—for you and for me and for the union. Now, see if you can't get up a little speed, and I'll look after the rest, including wages. Can't you understand that I'm working for you in this?"

"That's what the bosses always say," growled the man as Burns passed on.

Ennis was deeply sympathetic; he could not understand why the wage increase was delayed, and he promised the men that he would talk to them at union headquarters that night. The various organizations that had existed previous to the opening of the big plant had been merged into a single union, so far as the chair factory was concerned, which was unusually powerful in consequence. It could close the factory absolutely, if it saw fit, and this was what Ennis advised. He was as radical as Burns ever had dared to be.

"You've got to put on the screws!" he declared in his address that evening. "Burns has told you what can be done, and you've got to make him do it. I don't know anything about it—I've been away—but Burns knows that the company is making slathers of money and robbing you to enrich the stockholders. You've got him on record! All you've got to do is to take him at his word! Don't think for a minute that I'm urging this on my information; it's on his! He explained the situation to you long ago, and he's in power now! He has all the power that I ever had. If he says the word, wages go up. Why don't you make him say the word, just as you made me say it nine or ten months ago? He advised it then, and he would advise it now if he stood here in my place. Why don't you follow his advice? He knows; he knows, and has told you, that the company is made of money, that it has millionaires back of it who are adding to their millions as a result of your work. What are a few dollars a week to them? Any one of them would have to hire a bookkeeper in order to be able to miss it, while it means a lot to you. That's what Burns has told you, and Burns wouldn't lie about a little thing like that."

The sarcasm in this passed over the heads of the men, but the reasoning appealed to them, and they asked Ennis to present their ultimatum. He knew the situation better than any of them, they argued. So Ennis presented himself at the office the following morning.

"Have you come back to take charge?" asked Burns rather bitterly.

"No," replied Ennis. "I'm here in behalf of the men to demand increased pay."

"What business have you got interfering between me and the men?" demanded Burns. "You're an outsider for the present."

"That's the very question I've often wanted to ask you," retorted Ennis. "I've never had any trouble with them when you've kept out of the way. However, I suppose they'd a little rather have an outsider present the ultimatum, because he can't be discharged."

Burns scowled, but he saw a ray of hope in the presence of Ennis.

"You know the situation," he said. "What would you advise?"

"Oh, I don't begin to know the situation as well as you did before you took charge," replied Ennis.

"What's the men's ultimatum?" asked Burns.

"That they'll strike to-morrow morning if they don't get the increase."

"You worked them up to that."

"As you have done before. But it didn't require much working."

"That means closing the factory in either case," commented Burns, "and me to the woods." Then, almost supplicatingly: "Won't you please take hold here?"

"And work out the problems you've made," retorted Ennis. "No, sir. They've got to be settled first."

"If I quit," mused Burns, "I'm out with both the men and the company. Hang it all! I'm out with the men, anyway, and I've got to stick to the company. If a strike comes from a refusal to increase wages I can't be blamed very much, and the company ought to look after me. Tell the men I refuse."

The news passed from man to man in the shop, and soon all work was at a standstill, while various uncomplimentary remarks were made about the substitute manager.

"We'll strike *now!*" they declared, but Ennis mounted a pile of lumber and motioned to them to be quiet.

"I want to tell you," he said, "that if there is a strike now this shop will be closed for good. Your representative wouldn't let you believe that before, but he knows it now."

"Then you take charge!" cried one of the men.

"I can't increase wages."

"Hang the wages!" was the vigorous response. "Throw that slave-driver out the window and we'll go back to work."

Burns heard the cry, and he had already vacated the manager's desk when Ennis returned to the office.

"The men have agreed to waive the wage increase if I will take charge again," the latter announced briefly. "I don't think you'll find it very pleasant here, Burns, but you're a good workman—a better workman than you are labor leader—and I'll give you a note to headquarters that will give you a chance to get back to your old trade at the big plant. You needn't feel so crestfallen, Burns, just because I've done better as a labor leader than you've done as a manager. The former is the easier job."

THE DISCOVERERS

By WALLACE IRWIN

The world is growing small and the seas are gathered all
Into the hands of Commerce and the fleets that span the deep,
And the colonies extend to Earth's remotest end,
While the Seekers who discovered them—and if they can—
may sleep.

At midnight, when the merchant ships lie anchored in the stream,
When city's roofs beneath the moon all pale and silver gleam,
When at the wharves the liners lie, by creaking ropes confined,
A strange fleet sails into the bay and leaves no wake behind.

They leave no wake behind, but on and ever on they go,
And at their high and antique bows no signal lanterns glow;
But in the look-outs gray and dim the pale-faced watchers stand,
As, pointing to the sleeping town, they cry, "New land! New land!"

"New land!" they cry as the fleet shifts by the quays and slips and docks,
The steel-built monsters on the hills, the cluttered towers and clocks,
These sky-piled heights where men have wrought with craft and pain and gold
Since first the wave-tired Seekers hailed the virgin lands of old.

One looks with Hudson's fiery gaze and landward stares abroad,
And one, like Serra gowned and shorn, upbears the cross of God;
Some there are clad in goodly garb like hero men of Greece,
Like Jason and his blood-pledged crew who sought the Golden Fleece.

And some bear semblance dark and high in glance of fierce disdain
To the ocean-faring cavaliers who leagued the world for Spain;
And some are bearded men and fair with girded sinews strong,
Who row their swan-beaked boats as they lift their harsh Jutlandic song.

And their eyes outyearn and their eyes outburn to the town on the moon-steeped height
As those who have come again to claim the dream that is theirs by right,
But on each brow and in each eye, as they palely scan the shore,
Is the look that man shall wear but once and man can wear no more.

"Our bones," they cry, "have crumbled and passed in many a far countree,
And some are dust in a godly grave, and some in the floor of the sea;
But our hearts have beat to the Tune of the Worlds and flown to the cry of the West—
What think ye, then, that our souls can sleep, that our wandering ships can rest?

"For we have traced new ocean paths where none have gone before,
And we have borne the flags of kings on many a maiden shore;
Companions of the sinking sun, hot—fevering for the quest—
What think ye, then, that our souls can sleep, that our wandering ships can rest?

"Year unto year our goblin fleet has slipped from bay to bay,
And a thousand more, and a thousand more, shall we sail till the Judgment Day,
And your cities of steel shall be tumbled down and the new on the old shall stand,
But our eyes shall strain through the night in vain for the thing that is not—New Land."

The world is growing small and the seas are gathered all
Into the hands of Commerce and the fleets that span the deep,
And the colonies extend to Earth's remotest end,
While the Seekers who discovered them—and if they can—
may sleep.

GREAT MEN AND DRESS

By WILLIAM MATHEWS

THERE are few subjects regarding which the precepts and practice of great men have varied more widely than regarding dress. "A saint in crape," says Pope, "is twice a saint in lawn." "Through tattered clothes," says Shakespeare, "small vices do appear; robes and furred gowns hide all;" and, again, "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy, for the apparel oft proclaims the man." "Rich apparel," says Ben Jonson, "has strange virtues. It makes him that hath it without means esteemed for an excellent wit." "It is not every one," shrewdly says Colton in his Lacon, "that can afford to wear a shabby coat; and worldly wisdom dictates to her disciples the propriety of dressing somewhat beyond their means, but of living within them; for every one sees how we dress, but none see how we live, unless we choose to let them." On the other hand, Montesquieu says that "in the matter of dress one should always keep below one's ability." La Bruyère regards a simple garb as not only the proper costume of the vulgar, but for those who have filled up their lives with great deeds. "I liken them to beauty in dishabille, but more bewitching on that account." The persons whose clothes are extremely fine Goldsmith classes with those Indians who wear all the gold they have in a bob at the nose.

The great thinker of antiquity, Aristotle, who dominated the intellectual world for two thousand years, had a surprising fondness for personal decoration. He loved rich apparel, and had his shoes adorned with precious materials. He wore several rings on his slender, philosophical fingers, and shaved himself and trimmed his hair with great care. Lord Bacon, who was luxurious in all his tastes, was fond of rich and costly apparel. Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the greatest dandies of the age he lived in. On court days he wore shoes that cost over six thousand guineas; and they were so gorgeously and heavily adorned with precious stones that he could hardly walk in them. He had, also, a suit of armor of solid silver, with jeweled sword and belt.

Richardson, the novelist, could compose his romances only in a laced suit and with a diamond on his finger. Buffon could indite his great works only when arrayed in bag-wig, lace ruffles and cuffs. Before Haydn sat down to compose his enchanting music he always dressed himself with the utmost care, had his hair powdered, and put on his court suit. Frederick the Great had given him a diamond ring, and the great composer affirmed that if he began without it not the ghost of an idea would visit him. Haydn could write only on paper of the finest quality, and was as fastidious in forming his notes as if he were engraving them on copper-plate. The great Descartes, who revolutionized metaphysics, was fastidious about his wigs, keeping on hand four at a time; and Sir Robert Steele, it is said, never spent less than forty guineas upon one of his large black periwigs.

Goldsmith, in spite of the sentiment we have quoted from him, was ludicrously fond of showy clothes. When he sought to take orders in Ireland he tried to dazzle his bishop by a pair of scarlet breeches. While studying medicine in Edinburgh he wore "rich sky-blue satin," "fine sky-blue shalloon," and silver hat lace. Before Johnson, Reynolds and Garrick he strutted about, bragging of his bloom-colored coat; and when his reputation had been made by his two principal poems he blazed forth in purple-silk small clothes, a scarlet great-coat and a physician's wig. He carried a gold-headed cane and a sword hung by his side—a weapon so disproportioned to his diminutive stature that a coxcomb, who passed him in the Strand, called out to his companion to "look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it."

The great forensic advocate, Thomas Erskine, never came before any of the crowded audiences which he kept waiting for him in the courtroom except with a fine wig and a pair of new and bright yellow gloves. William Pinkney, at one time the giant of the American bar, was a full-blown fop in dress. He changed his toilet twice a day, and was always elaborately dressed in the style which he deemed best fitted to show off his fine person. His nicely-brushed blue coat, white waistcoat with gold buttons, snow-white linen, gold studs, boots shining with the highest polish, and his little cane twirling in his saffron-gloved fingers, with his air of ease, abandon and "devil-may-care jauntiness," suggested a Beau Brummel or a Nash rather than the leader of the American bar. Sometimes, we are told, he carried his whole array of dandyism into court, and opened his argument with all his butterfly costume intact. He even used cosmetics to smooth the roughnesses of his face, and rubbed his body with ointment to stimulate his mental faculties.

The foppishness of "the great Lord Chatham," scrupulously crowning himself with his best wig when about to harangue the House of Lords; of Horace Walpole, wearing cravats of Gibbons' carvings; the bare throat of Byron; the Armenian dress of Rousseau; the scarlet and gold of Voltaire, the prudent carefulness with which Cæsar scratched his head so as not to disarrange the locks or the laurel arranged over the bald spot—are well known. John Foster, the Baptist preacher and author of the well-known essay on "Decision of Character," exhibited a singular taste in dress. He used to preach in a blue coat with brass buttons and top boots—not from love of display, but from the eccentricity of a recluse.

Of Richard Wagner's dress and address it has been said that to call upon him for the first time, with no information of his peculiarities, was to experience a mild shock. Entering the room where his visitor was seated, he would throw the door wide open before him, as if it were fit that his approach should be heralded like that of a king, and would stand for a moment on the threshold—a curious mediæval figure in a frame. The surprised and mystified visitor rising from his seat, would behold a man richly clad in costume of velvet and satin, like that of the early Tudor period in England, and wearing a bonnet like that seen in portraits of Henry VI and his three successors. The great composer had a variety of costumes, from which he would choose on every occasion the one best suited to his own mood or to the face of the person who had come to see him. As was the case with Haydn and others, dress is said to have been a real help to this eccentric composer in the task of composition. Genius, in all ages of the world, has had more or less recourse to outer appliances for stimulating thought.

Alphonse Karr, author of the unique and delightful Voyage autour de mon jardin and seventy other works, dressed at the beginning of his career in a most *bizarre* and fantastic style. That style, if another's, no one could have ridiculed in more pungent, yet playful, satire than he might have used.

Of all modern men of genius, Disraeli, in his early Parliamentary days, was the most *outré* in his foppery. An observer describes him as having been arrayed in a bottle-green frock-coat and a white waistcoat of the Dick Swiveller pattern, the front of which exhibited a network of glittering chains; large fancy pattern pantaloons, and a black tie, above which no shirt-collar was visible, completed the outer man. A countenance lividly pale, contrasting with a pair of intensely black eyes and a forehead overhung by clustering ringlets of coal-black hair, which, combed away from the right temple, fell in bunches of well-oiled small ringlets over his left cheek, deepened the impression of dandyism made by the clothing.

Great men have been as often noted for slovenliness as for dandyism; and of the two the latter is the less offensive. Frederick the Great had a sovereign contempt for "the linen decencies of life." He had but one gala dress, which he made suffice for all his life. The rest of his wardrobe consisted of two or three old coats, fit for a second-hand clothes-shop, yellow waistcoats soiled with snuff, and huge boots embrowned by time. If one of his courtiers was fond of dress he would fling oil over his richest suit. It is said that Napoleon had a weakness for white kerseymere breeches, upon which, when engrossed with the cares of state, he would ever and anon spill ink, coffee or gravy—a mishap which was so frequent that he had to pay the imperial tailor over twenty thousand francs a year.

Charles James Fox, at the height of his fame, was almost utterly careless of his personal appearance. During a session of Parliament, when his friends would call at one o'clock in the afternoon and find him in bed, or lounging about in his nightshirt, he would look extremely unkempt and dirty. A conversation would follow; plans would be arranged; and by and by, his toilet made and a cup of tea swallowed, Fox would stroll down, fresh and vigorous, to St. Stephen's, to speak as no other orator had ever spoken since Demosthenes. Yet this man, so slovenly in manhood, was a fop in his youth, and at one time wore a little odd French hat and shoes with red heels.

The great literary potentate, Johnson, who exacted from others the strictest propriety of dress—the same Johnson who once visited Goldsmith in a new suit of clothes, expressly to teach him, who, he said, "was a great sloven," to be less careless about his dress—the same Johnson who, Mrs. Piozzi says, in spite of his miserable eyesight, noticed the displacement even of a ribbon in a lady's dress—was himself a sloven. The untidiness of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu we know in ways less suspicious than from the coarse slurs of Horace Walpole and the biting satire of Pope. It is hard to believe, as we read the beautiful verse of Thomson, that he was one of the most untidy of mortals, and kept his money strewed about among his clothes and papers. On one occasion a friend discovered banknotes bundled up with the poet's old stockings.

It is not surprising that Sir Isaac Newton, who passed so much of his time in "voyaging in strange seas of thought alone," should be careless regarding his dress and meals. When at the University of Cambridge he would sometimes go to dine at Trinity Hall with shoes down at the heels, stockings untied, surplice on, and his hair unkempt. Coleridge dressed so shabbily that Dorothy Wordsworth, on his first visit to the Lake country, mistook him for Southey's groom or gardener. On his calling at the back door of Wordsworth's house with an errand from the Keswick bard, he took her for the cook, and she offered him some beer. It is said that the glorious rhapsodist, "Christopher North" (Wilson), when professor at Edinburgh University, would go to his classroom with a week's beard on his chin to lecture on Moral Philosophy. Beethoven once let his beard grow two feet long. His hair was suffered to grow so rank and thick that at times he could hardly keep his hat on, while his shaggy clothes made him look like a bear.

The Thrifty Duke

COLONEL HAMILTON YOUNG, the veteran manager of the Western Union lines at the Capitol in Washington, tells a story of the visit of the Duke of Veragua to this country during the Chicago World's Fair.

The Duke desired to stop at Columbus on his way to Washington and wanted to send a telegram to the mayor informing him of that fact. He inquired at a telegraph office as to the cost, being a thrifty duke.

"Twenty-five cents," the operator replied, "for ten words, not including address or signature."

Whereupon the Duke wrote this message: "Mayor of Columbus: I shall visit your city next Tuesday," and he signed it: "Cristobal Colon de Toledo y Larreategui de la Cerda Ramirez de Baquedano y Gante Almirante y Adelantado Mayor de las Judias, Marques de Jamaica, Duque de Veragua y de la Vega, Grande de España, Senor del Reino, Caballero de la insigne orden del Toison de Oro, Gran Cruz de la Conception de Villaviciosa, Gentil Hombre de Camara del Rey de España."

A Senator of Two Republics

By G. G. VEST

Ex-Senator from Missouri

THERE is no more illustrious genealogy in either hemisphere than that of the Bayards. Eighteen miles from Grenoble, in Southeastern France, upon an eminence which overlooks the adjacent country, are the ruins of the Château Bayard, which mark the spot where stood the ancestral home of the Seigneurs de Bayard, one of whom, the Chevalier Bayard, by reason of his feats of arms and stainless character, was known throughout Europe as "the knight without fear and without reproach." In the year 1524 he fell in battle against the Spaniards, and his last request was, after being mortally wounded, that he should be so placed against a tree that when dying his face would be toward the enemy.

Among his descendants were three brothers, who embraced the Huguenot faith, and after the Massacre of St Bartholomew fled from France to Holland, where one of them married the sister of Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam. This lady, being a widow with three sons in 1647 accompanied her brother, Governor Stuyvesant, to America, and the Delaware Bayards are the immediate descendants of Petrus, or Peter, Bayard, the youngest of these brothers. Four of the Bayards have been members of the United States Senate from Delaware, the first being James A. Bayard, the grandfather of the late Thomas F Bayard, who was born in Philadelphia, but, after graduating at Princeton, removed to Delaware, where he married the daughter of Governor Richard Bassett, and soon after attaining his majority was elected to the National House of Representatives for two terms as a Federalist. He was not, however, an extreme partisan, and when the struggle between Jefferson and Burr for the Presidency was pending in the House Mr. Bayard threw his vote and influence in behalf of Jefferson and did possibly more than any other member to settle the dangerous controversy then agitating the country.

In the latter part of his administration President John Adams appointed him Minister to France and the nomination was unanimously confirmed by the Senate, but Mr. Bayard declined the place, and on February 22, 1801, wrote a letter giving his reasons for refusing to accept the position tendered him, from which I make the following extract. After some preliminary statements, Mr. Bayard wrote as follows:

> To have taken $18,000 out of the public treasury with a knowledge that no service could be rendered by me, as the French Government would have waited for a man who represented the existing feelings and views of this Government, would have been disgraceful.
>
> Another consideration of great weight arose from the part I took in the Presidential election. As I had given the turn to the election, it was impossible for me to accept an office which would be held on the tenure of Mr. Jefferson's pleasure. My ambition shall never be gratified at the expense of a suspicion.
>
> I shall never lose sight of the motto of the great original of our name.

A Page from Sancho Panza's Maxims

IF MR. BAYARD were now alive or his disembodied spirit could take any interest in the affairs of the living, he would certainly be profoundly astonished at the great change in the customs and usages of political life which has come within the past century. Eminent Democrats do not hesitate now to support a Republican President in his partisan policy and afterward accept from him high office, saying, like Sancho Panza, "Praise God and ne'er look the gift horse in the mouth" The motives of every man are absolutely known only to himself, and others can only judge him by what he says and does. The modern practice of making friends with "the mammon of unrighteousness" may be entirely proper, but I quote the above extract from a letter written more than a hundred years ago to illustrate the truth of the Latin maxim, "*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*"

Mr. James A. Bayard was succeeded in the United States Senate by his eldest son, Richard, who was twice elected to that body, and he was succeeded by James A. Bayard, the father of Thomas F. Bayard, who was three times elected. In 1862, although an earnest supporter of the Union cause, he was required to take the "iron-clad" test oath, and, after an indignant protest in the Senate against this requirement, which he denounced as an insult and a violation of the Constitution, he took the oath and then resigned his seat, the vacancy thus caused being filled by the election of Mr. Riddle, upon whose death shortly afterward Mr. Bayard was appointed by the Governor, and then elected by the Legislature of Delaware,

Editor's Note—This is the tenth article in the series of Senator Vest's personal recollections.

THOMAS F. BAYARD

to fill out the unexpired term caused by his own resignation The same legislature elected his son, Thomas F. Bayard, for the full term of six years, and the strange spectacle was presented of the father retiring from the Senate at the moment when his son took the oath of office as his successor. Mr James A. Bayard, the father, was a lawyer of great ability and commanded the respect of both parties in the Senate. In 1868, when the Credit Mobilier scandal besmirched so many reputations, a committee of the House of Representatives, the majority of which was composed of Republicans, inserted the following in their report:

> We commend to them, and to all men, the letter of the venerable Senator Bayard, in response to an offer of some of this stock,

which reads as follows:

> I take it for granted that the corporation has no application to make to Congress on which I shall be called upon to act officially, as I could not, consistently with my views of duty, vote upon a question in which I had a pecuniary interest.

In these days of commercial politics, when the "sordid despotism of wealth" seems omnipotent in the little State of Delaware, it is refreshing to know that she was once represented by men who cared more for personal integrity than for money

On the maternal side Thomas F Bayard is also descended from a distinguished family. His mother was Miss Francis, one of whose ancestors was Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of the celebrated Junius Letters. Another of her ancestors was Tench Francis, one of the ninety-three Philadelphia merchants who subscribed a million and a half dollars to purchase supplies for Washington's army in 1780 at the darkest hour of the American Revolution.

I first saw Thomas F. Bayard at the National Democratic Convention of 1872, which assembled in Baltimore and nominated Horace Greeley for the Presidency. Mr. Bayard addressed the convention in opposition to the nomination of Greeley, and I sympathized with him in all that he said. He was in poor health at the time, and stated to the convention that he was on the eve of sailing for Europe in the hope that a sea voyage and absolute rest on the other side would restore him to his usual vigor. He warned his fellow-Democrats that nothing but disaster could come from the nomination of a man who had been the lifelong enemy of the Democratic party and with whose principles he had not the slightest sympathy. The Southern delegates, however, and those from New York carried the convention by storm, and Mr. Bayard's eloquent appeal was without effect.

His Sturdy Individualism

WHEN Colonel David H. Armstrong promised that Missouri would give the nominee fifty thousand majority, Governor Hoffman, chairman of the New York delegation, declared that New York would give Greeley a larger majority than Missouri had votes. Mr. Bayard left Baltimore disappointed and depressed, and I next saw him when we met as

Thomas F. Bayard

colleagues in the United States Senate in March, 1879, at the extra session called by President Hayes to provide means to carry on the Government. At the last session of the preceding Congress the Democrats had attached to the general appropriation bills riders or amendments repealing certain statutes which permitted the presence of deputy marshals and soldiers at the polls, and President Hayes had vetoed the bills to which these amendments were attached. Mr. Bayard was opposed to the policy adopted by his Democratic colleagues and declared that he would not vote for any riders or amendments to appropriation bills when these riders or amendments contained general legislation. He insisted that such amendments were not only in violation of the Senate rules but were also against the spirit and letter of the Constitution. He declared that Congress had no right to coerce the executive department by forcing the President to approve bills whose provisions he considered not only impolitic but unconstitutional, in order to obtain the necessary funds with which to carry on the Government. To this determination Mr. Bayard adhered through the long and acrimonious debate which extended through the summer of 1879, and no amount of criticism from his enemies nor protest from his friends caused him to waver in his position.

As a Senator Mr. Bayard was singularly independent and true to his honest convictions. He refused to be governed by the action of any convention or caucus, and declared that he would not sacrifice his self-respect by surrendering what he believed to be right and best for the country. He did not think that anything but gold and silver could be made a legal tender, and differed entirely from the Supreme Court and many of his Democratic associates who held the opposite opinion. He was an earnest advocate for adherence to all the limitations of the Constitution and was one of the most able and eloquent defenders of the reserve rights of the States, but he opposed the secession of Delaware from the Union and, with his father, did much to prevent that result.

Mr. Bayard was opposed to the spoils system, as he termed it, and advocated the passage of a civil service law, which he deemed essential to the public welfare. He agreed with President Cleveland in his opposition to the free coinage of silver, and declared that it was a violation of all sound financial principles to make silver, without regard to its intrinsic value, the equal of gold as money of ultimate redemption.

He could not be classed as an orator, but was a fluent, logical speaker, who commanded at all times the closest attention of the Senate. He was tall, strongly and symmetrically built, with well-formed head and regular features of the antique cast, with the most winning smile I have ever known. His leading characteristic as a public man was absolute devotion to law and order. He abhorred all socialistic and mobocratic tendencies and never failed to denounce them at any time or in any presence. He was wise, conservative and self-respecting, and when he differed with his constituents he left them in no doubt as to his opinions and never played the demagogue to retain their favor. He often said that if his party adopted a policy which he considered subversive of the public interest he would not follow but would wait until reflection should bring his fellow-Democrats to what he considered a right conclusion. He said there was one privilege always left to him, and that was, to take his hat and return home to await better conditions in the future.

A Famous Travers Story

IN PRIVATE and social life Mr. Bayard was a most agreeable companion and charming host. I remember, soon after I entered the Senate, being a guest at his residence in Washington when he invited a few of us to meet his lifelong friend, William R. Travers, whose reputation as a wit and humorist extended to two continents. In the after-dinner conversation, when some one suggested that the Democrats were making a great mistake in pressing their amendments to the general appropriation bills and that the party would find itself on the defensive in the next campaign, with the probable result that their majority in both Houses of Congress would disappear, Mr. Travers, who stammered slightly, said to our host, whom he addressed as Tom

"The Democrats in the next canvass will be as much surprised as we were in that New York rat-pit when you came over to New York and requested me to accompany you in search of a rat terrier, as the rats were about to drive you out of your residence in Wilmington. Tom and myself," said Travers, "went to the largest establishment in the city where there was a rat-pit and where all kinds of terriers were offered for sale. We picked out a very handsome, active little dog, and the proprietor dropped him in the pit, taking a gray-whiskered rat out of a box and placing him in front of

the terrier. After looking at each other for half a second the dog turned tail and ran at full speed around the pit with the rat in hot pursuit. 'Buy the rat, Tom,' I shouted, 'buy the rat!'" This story is now a very ancient chestnut, but it amused me very much at the time I heard it told by Travers, and it is good enough to bear repetition.

Mr. Bayard was very fond of Senatorial life and often spoke of the orderly conduct of business and the strict observance of the rules. He delighted in praising the dignity of the Senate as a deliberative body, and he said it had, in this respect, no equal in the world. I remember an amusing episode at a dinner party given by Senator Beck, of Kentucky, at which some twenty guests were present, including Mr. Bayard and Senator Williams, the colleague of Beck. The last-named Senator, who was serving his first session, very much wished to be chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, but under the rule of seniority in service the position was given to Senator Davis, of West Virginia. This result was not agreeable to Williams, and in addition he was suffering from an inflamed eye, which pained him greatly. While Mr. Bayard was expatiating very eloquently on the character of the Senate as the most dignified deliberative body in the world, Williams abruptly broke in by saying:

"Senator Bayard, I am tired of hearing about the dignity of the Senate. It has more dignity, frigidity, stupidity and antiquity than any body of men I have ever seen. Everything goes by seniority, and if a new Senator makes a good speech the old Senators become resentful and retire to the cloakroom, where they comment on the previousness of the newcomer. If any Senator makes a good point and is applauded by the galleries the presiding officer declares that no applause will be permitted, and if the offense is repeated he will order the sergeant-at-arms to clear the galleries. In Kentucky," said Williams, "I speak to acres of people, while the men cheer and the women wave their handkerchiefs and clap their hands in approval, but if I remain in this Senate I shall soon become as much of an idiot as the rest of you. I am going home to-night," said Williams, "and if you will come out next summer, Senator Bayard, I will give you a burgoo which will discount all the clambakes on the Atlantic Coast with the United States Senate thrown in." There was a general laugh at this explosion, in which Mr. Bayard heartily joined.

The next day he came to my seat in the Senate and asked me what Williams meant by a "burgoo," a term used by the Kentuckian the evening before. I explained to Mr. Bayard that the burgoo was a Kentucky institution, a necessary adjunct to all political campaigns, and that it occupied a position relative to that of clambakes in the seaboard States.

"It is," I said, "the game or gipsy soup which Meg Merrilies gave to Domine Sampson, and is prepared with much care and skill by experts, who claim to have some secret process in its preparation unknown to the general public. A burgoo," I continued, "is usually located near some famous spring, and the best time for such an event is in the middle or latter part of August or September when vegetables are abundant, especially young corn, tomatoes and potatoes. The farmers bring in young chickens and squirrels, together with apples, watermelons and cider. Of course, eloquent speakers are advertised to be present, and barrels of spring water, mixed with whisky, mint and sugar, are placed on the grounds with the heads knocked out, so that every one can drink all he wants without paying for it. I remember," I said, "when a boy, attending a burgoo near Frankfort, Kentucky, my birthplace, at a locality on Benson Creek known as Punch Bowl, near what is now the track of the Lexington and Louisville Railroad. Mr. Crittenden was advertised to speak, and my father, who was an ardent Whig, took me to the burgoo for the purpose of giving me an opportunity to learn the great principles of the Whig party. An immense kettle of many gallons capacity was placed over a fire at the foot of a large sycamore tree, and Uncle Larkin, a celebrated burgoo maker, with a white apron and a large wooden spoon with a long handle, was superintending the preparation of the burgoo soup, assisted by some dozen sable attendants, who were busy preparing the necessary ingredients. I soon made my escape from the speaking and joined the hungry crowd of boys who stood at a respectful distance and watched with great interest the movements of Uncle Larkin, whom we considered a much more important personage than Mr. Crittenden. The wind was blowing a sharp breeze, and about the time the soup was ready for consumption a jaybird's nest was overturned in the upper branches of the sycamore, and three recently-hatched young jays, whose personal appearance was eminently disgusting, dropped into the kettle. An exclamation of horror was heard from the spectators, who considered the burgoo at an end, but Uncle Larkin was equal to the emergency. With a dexterous twist of his wooden spoon he submerged the unfortunate birds and calmly said, 'Just in time, gentlemen; just in time.' I swallowed a large quantity of the soup, which was furnished in a tin cup with a pewter spoon and a chunk of bread to every one in attendance, and, thanks to youth and perfect health, I experienced no bad effects; but this is the last and only time I have ever tasted jaybird soup."

Mr. Bayard resigned his seat in the Senate when Cleveland was first elected President, to become Premier of the Administration, and during Cleveland's second term was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James. In both positions he sustained his high reputation for ability and patriotism, although some captious and hypercritical persons objected to his course in England as that of an aristocrat and patrician who was toadying to the nobility of Great Britain. No more false and unjust accusation was ever made against a public man. All Mr. Bayard's sympathies and opinions were those of a true American, and, though he did full justice to the good qualities of the English people, and especially their conservatism and reverence for law, he never uttered a word that could be fairly interpreted to mean anything else than devotion to the United States and its institutions. He was in every respect an American gentleman of refinement and culture, courteous, self-respecting, patriotic, and an exemplar of all the best qualities in public and private life. I not only had great respect for his character and attributes, but loved him sincerely, and I do not know that I can pay a higher tribute to his memory than by quoting the conclusion of his address to the students at the University of Virginia:

Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fall, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

THE COST

By David Graham Phillips

XIX

ON THE third day from New York, Gladys was so far recovered from seasickness that she dragged herself to the deck. The water was fairly smooth, but a sticky, foggy rain was falling. A deck-steward put her steamer-chair in a sheltered corner; a stewardess and her maid swathed her in capes and rugs; she closed her eyes and said: "Now leave me, please, and don't come near me till I send for you."

She slept an hour. When she awoke she felt better. Some one had drawn a chair beside hers and was seated there—a man, for she caught the faint odor of a pipe, though the wind was the other way. She turned her head—it was Langdon, whom she had not seen since she went below a few hours after Sandy Hook disappeared. Indeed, she had almost forgotten that he was on board and that her brother had asked him to look after her. He was staring at her in an absent-minded way, his wonted expression of satire and lazy good-humor fainter than usual. In fact his face was almost serious.

"That pipe," she grumbled. "Please do put it away."

He tossed it into the sea. "Beg pardon," he said. "It was stupid of me. I was absorbed in—in my book."

"What's the name of it?"

He turned it to glance at the cover, but she went on: "No—don't tell me. I've no desire to know. I asked merely to confirm my suspicion."

"You're right," he said. "I wasn't reading. I was looking at you."

"That was impertinent. A man should not look at a woman when she doesn't intend him to look."

"Then I'd never look at all. I'm interested only in things not meant for my eyes. I might even read letters not addressed to me if I didn't know how dull letters are. No intelligent person ever says anything in a letter nowadays. They use the telegraph for ordinary correspondence, and telepathy for the other kind. But it was interesting—looking at you as you lay asleep."

"Was my mouth open?"

"A little."

"Am I yellow?"

"Very."

"Eyes red? Hair in strings? Lips blue?"

"All that," he said, "and skin somewhat mottled. But I was not so much interested in your beauty as I was in trying to determine whether you were well enough to stand two shocks."

"I need them," replied Gladys.

"One is rather unpleasant, the other—the reverse, in fact a happiness."

"The unpleasant first, please."

"Certainly," he replied. "Always the medicine first, then the candy." And he leaned back and closed his eyes and seemed to be settling himself for indefinite silence.

"Go on," she said impatiently. "What's the medicine? A death?"

"I said unpleasant, didn't I? When an enemy dies it's all joy. When a friend passes over to eternal bliss who as good Christians, we should be faithless and selfish if we were distressed by the momentary separation."

"But what is it? You're trying to gain time by all this beating about the bush. You ought to know me well enough to know you can speak straight out."

"Fanshaw's suing his wife for divorce—in New York State."

"Is that your news?" said Gladys languidly. Suddenly she flung aside the robes and sat up. "What's Pauline going to do? Can she——" Gladys paused.

"Yes, she can—if she wishes to."

"But—will she? *Will* she?" demanded Gladys.

"Jack doesn't know what she'll do," replied Langdon. "He kept quiet—the only sane course when that kind of storm breaks. He had hoped you'd be there to smooth her down. But he says, when he opened the subject of your going back to Saint X you cut him off."

"Does she know?"

"Somebody must have told her the day you left. Don't you remember, she was taken ill suddenly?"

"Oh!" Gladys vividly recalled Pauline's strange look and manner when she was telling her about Scarborough. She could see her sister-in-law—the long, lithe form, the small, graceful head, with its thick, soft, waving hair, the oval face, the skin as fine as the petals at the heart of a rose, the arched brows and the thoughtful gold-brown eyes. "I almost hope she'll do it, Mowbray," she said. "Jack doesn't deserve her. He's not a bit her sort. She ought to have married——"

"Some one who had her sort of ideals—some one like that big, handsome chap—the one you admired so frantically—Governor Scarborough. He was chock-full of ideals. And he's making the sort of career she could sympathize with."

"Scarborough!" exclaimed Gladys, with some success at self-concealment. "I detest him! I detest 'careers!'"

"Good!" said Langdon, his face serious, his eyes amused. "That opens the way for my other shock."

"Oh, the good news. What is it?"

"That I'd like it if you'd marry me."

Gladys glanced into his still amused eyes, then with a shrug sank back among her wraps. "A poor joke," she said.

"I should say that marriage was a stale joke rather than a poor one. Will you try it—with me? You might do worse."

"How did you have the courage to speak when I'm looking such a wreck?" she asked with mock gravity.

"But you ain't—you're looking better now. That first shock braced you up. Besides, this isn't romance. It's no high flight with all the longer drop and all the harder jolt at the landing. It's a plain, practical proposition."

Gladys slowly sat up and studied him curiously. "Do you really mean it?" she asked. Each was leaning on an elbow, gazing gravely into the other's face.

WITH A ROARING HOWL HE RELEASED HIS HOLD UPON THE LADDER

"I'd never joke on such a dangerous subject as marriage. I'm far too timid for that. What do you say, Gladys?"

She had never seen him look serious before, and she was thinking that the expression became him. "He knows how to make himself attractive to a woman when he cares to," she said to herself. "I'd like a man that has lightness of mind Serious people bore one so after a while." By "serious people" she meant one "serious person" whom she had admired particularly for his seriousness. But she was in another mood now, another atmosphere—the atmosphere she had breathed since she was thirteen, except in the brief period when her infatuation for Scarborough had swept her away from her world.

"No!" She shook her head with decision—and felt decided. But to his practiced ear there was in her voice a hint that she might hear him further on the subject.

They lay back in their chairs, he watching the ragged, dirty, skurrying clouds, she watching him. After a while he said: "Where are you going when we reach the other side?"

"To join mother and auntie."

"And how long will you stay with them?"

"Not more than a week, I should say," she answered with a grimace

"And then—where?"

She did not reply for some time. Studying her face, he saw an expression of lonesomeness gather and strengthen and deepen until she looked so forlorn that he felt as if he must take her in his arms. When she spoke it was to say dubiously: "Back to New York—to keep house for my brother—perhaps"

"And when his wife frees herself and he marries again—where will you go?"

Gladys lifted a fold of her cape and drew it about her as if she were cold. But he noted that it hid her face from him.

"You want—you need—a home? So do I," he went on tranquilly. "You are tired of wandering? So am I. You are bored with parade and parade-people? So am I. You wish freedom, not bondage, when you marry? I refuse to be bound and I don't wish to bind any one. We have the same friends, the same tastes, have had pretty much the same experiences You don't want to be married for your money I'm not likely to be suspected of doing that sort of thing"

"Some one has said that rich men marry more often for money than poor men," interrupted Gladys. And then she colored as she recalled who had said it.

Langdon noted her color as he noted every point in any game he was playing; he shrewdly guessed its origin "When Scarborough told you that," he replied calmly, "he told you a great truth. But please remember, I merely said I shouldn't be *suspected* of marrying you for money. I didn't say I wasn't guilty."

"Is your list of reasons complete?"

"Two more—the clinchers. You are disappointed in love—so am I. You need consolation—so do I. When one can't have the best one takes the best one can get, if one is sensible. It has been known to turn out not so badly."

They once more lay back watching the clouds. An hour passed without either speaking. The deck-steward brought them tea and biscuits which he declined and she accepted. She tried the big, hard, tasteless disk between her strong white teeth, then said with a sly smile: "You pried into *my* secret a few minutes ago. I'm going to pry into yours. Who was she?"

"As the lady would have none of me, there's no harm in my confessing," replied Langdon carelessly. "She was—and is—and——" he looked at her strangely—"ever shall be, world without end—Gladys Dumont."

Gladys gasped and glanced at him with swift suspicion that he was jesting. He returned her glance in a calm, matter-of-fact way. She leaned back in her chair and they watched the slippery rail slide up and down against the background of chilly, rainy sea and sky.

"Are you asleep?" he asked after a long silence.

"No," she replied. "I was thinking."

"Of my—proposition?"

"Yes"

"Doesn't it grow on you?"

"Yes."

He lifted himself to a sitting position with much deliberateness. He put his hand in among her rugs and wraps until it touched hers. "It may turn out better than you anticipate," he said, a little sentiment in his eyes and smile, a little raillery in his voice.

"I doubt if it will," she answered, without looking at him directly. "For—I—anticipate a great deal."

XV

FANSHAW *versus* Fanshaw was heard privately by a referee; and before Mrs. Fanshaw's lawyers had a chance to ask that the referee's report be sealed from publicity, the judge of his own motion ordered it. At the political club to which he belonged he had received an "intimation" from the local "boss" that if Dumont's name were anywhere printed in connection with the case he would be held responsible. Thus it came to pass that on the morning of the filing of the decree the newspapers were grumbling over their inability to give the eagerly-awaited details of the great scandal. And Herron was Catonizing against "judicial corruption."

"DO I LOOK LIKE THAT?"

But Dumont was overswift in congratulating himself on his escape and in preening himself on his power.

For several days the scandal-mongering newspapers were alone in denouncing the judge for favoritism and in pointing out that the judiciary were "becoming subservient to the rich and the powerful in their rearrangements of their domestic relations—a long first step toward complete subservience." Herron happened to have among his intimates the editor of an eminently respectable newspaper that prides itself upon never publishing private scandals. He impressed his friend with his own strong views as to the gravity of this growing discrimination between masses and classes; and the organ of independent conservatism was presently lifting up its solemn voice in a stentorian jeremiad

Had it not been for this reenforcement the "yellows" might have shrieked in vain. It was assumed that the motive of baffled sensationalism was far stronger than the alleged motive of public justice, and the public was amused rather than aroused by their foaming. But now the soberer dailies and weeklies took up the case and the discussion spread to other cities, to the whole country. By his audacity, by his arrogant frankness—he had latterly treated public opinion with scantiest courtesy—by his purchases of campaign committees, and legislatures, and courts, Dumont had made himself in the public mind an embodiment of the "mighty and menacing plutocracy" of which the campaign orators talked so much. And the various phases of the scandal gave the press a multitude of texts for satirical, or pessimistic, or fiery discourses upon the public and private rottenness of "plutocrats."

But Dumont's name was never directly mentioned. Every one knew who was meant; no newspaper dared to couple him in plain language with the scandal. The nearest approach to it was where one New York newspaper published, without comment, in the centre of a long news article on the case, two photographs of Dumont side by side—one, taken when he first came to New York, clear-cut, handsome, courageous, apparently a fine type of progressive young manhood; the other, taken within the year, gross, lowering, tyrannical, obviously a fine type of indulged, self-indulgent despot, good-natured if humored, relentless if crossed.

Herron had forced Fanshaw to abandon the idea of suing Dumont for a money consolation. He had been deeply impressed by his wife's warnings against Fanshaw—"a lump of soot, and sure to smutch you if you go near him." He was reluctant to have Fanshaw give up the part of the plan which insured the public damnation of Dumont, but there was no other prudent course. He assured himself that he knew Fanshaw to be an upright man; but he did not go to so perilous a length in self-deception as to fancy he could convince cynical and incredulous New York. It was too eager to find excuses for successful and admired men like Dumont, too ready to laugh at and despise under-dogs like Fanshaw Herron never admitted it to himself, but in fact it was he who put it into Fanshaw's resourceless mind to compass the revenge of publicity in another way.

Fanshaw was denouncing the judge for sealing the divorce testimony, and the newspapers for being so timid about libel laws and contempt of court.

"If a newspaper should publish the testimony," said Herron, "Judge —— would never dare to bring the editor before him for contempt. His record's too bad. I happen to know he was in the —— office no longer ago than a month, begging for the suppression of an article that would have caused his impeachment, if published. So there's one paper that wouldn't be afraid of him."

"Then why does it shield the scoundrel?"

"Perhaps," replied Herron, his hand on the door of his office law-library, "it hasn't been able to get hold of a copy of the testimony." And having thus dropped the seed upon a good soil, he left.

Fanshaw waited several weeks, waited until certain other plans of his and Herron's were perfected. Then he suddenly deluged the sinking flames of the divorce discussion with a huge outpouring of oil. Indirectly and with great secrecy he sent a complete copy of the testimony to the newspaper Herron had mentioned, the most sensational and one of the most widely-circulated in New York.

The next morning Dumont had to ring three times for his secretary. When Culver finally appeared he had in his trembling right hand a copy of that newspaper. His face suggested that he was its owner, publisher and responsible editor, and that he expected then and there to be tortured to death for the two illustrated pages of the "Great Fanshaw-Dumont Divorce! All the testimony! Shocking Revelations!"

"I thought it necessary for you to know this without delay, sir," he said in a low, shaky voice, as he held out the newspaper to his master.

Dumont grew sickly yellow at the first glance of the eye over those headlines. He was used to newspaper attack, but theretofore every open attack had been on some public matter where a newspaper "pounding" might be attributed to politics or stock-jobbery. Here—it was a verbatim official report, and of a private scandal, more dangerous to his financial standing than the fiercest attack upon his honesty as a financier; for it tore away the foundation of reputation—private character. A faithful transcript throughout, and it portrayed him in lines of blackest truth as a bag of slimy gold and gilded slime. He hated his own face as it stared out at him from a three-column "cut" in the centre of the first page its heavy jaw, its cynical mouth, its impudent eyes. "Do I look like that?" he thought. And he flushed to his temples as he contrasted that face with the face in the smaller cut beside it—the face of Pauline, high and fine, icily beautiful as always in her New York days when her features were in repose

Culver shifted from one weak leg to the other, and the movement reminded Dumont of his existence. "That's all Clear out!" he exclaimed, and fell back into his big chair and closed his eyes. He thought he at last understood publicity—that frightful "knocking" which after Duncan's murder made Macbeth and his wife quake.

But he was mistaken

He finished dressing and choked down a little breakfast. As he advanced toward the front door the servant there coughed uneasily and said: "Beg pardon, sir, but I fear you won't be able to get out."

"What's the matter?" he demanded, his brows contracting and his lips beginning to slide back in a snarl—it promised to be a sad morning for human curs of all kinds who did not skurry out of the lion's way.

"The crowd, sir," said the servant And he drew aside the curtain across the glass in one of the inside pair of the great double doors of the palace entrance. "It's quite safe to look, sir They can't see through the outside doors as far as this"

Dumont peered through the bronze fret-work. A closely-packed mass of people was choking the sidewalk and street—his brougham was like an island in a troubled lake. He saw several policemen—they were trying to move the crowd on, but not trying sincerely. He saw three huge cameras, their operators under the black cloths, their lenses pointed at the door—waiting for him to appear. For the first time in his life he completely lost his nerve. Not only publicity, the paper—a lifeless sheet of print. But also publicity, the public—with living eyes to peer and living voices to jeer. He looked helplessly, appealingly at the "cur" he had itched to kick the moment before. "What the devil shall I do?" he asked in a voice without a trace of courage.

"I don't know, sir," replied the servant. "The basement door wouldn't help very much, would it?"

The basement door was in front also. "Idiot! Is there no way out at the rear?" he asked.

"Only over the fences, sir," said the servant, perfectly matter-of-fact. Having no imagination, his mind made no picture of the great "captain of industry" scrambling over back fences like a stray cat flying from a brick

Dumont turned back and into his first-floor sitting-room. He unlocked his stand of brandy bottles, poured out an enormous drink and gulped it down. His stomach reeled, then his head. He went to the window and looked out—there must have been five hundred people in the street and the vehicles were making their way slowly and with difficulty, drivers gaping at the house and joking with the crowd; newsboys bent sideways to balance their huge bundles of papers were darting in and out, and even through the thick plate-glass he could hear: "All about Millionaire Dumont's disgrace!"

He went through to a rear window. No, there was a continuous wall, a high brick wall. A servant came and told him he was wanted at the telephone. It was Giddings, who said in a voice that was striving in vain to be calm against the pressure of some intense excitement: "You are coming down to-day, Mr. Dumont?"

"Why?" asked Dumont, snapping the word out as short and savage as the crack of a lash

"There are some disquieting rumors of a raid on us"

"Who's to do the raiding?"

"They say it's Patterson and Fanning-Smith and Cassell and Herron. It's a raid for control."

Dumont laughed scornfully. "Don't fret. We're all right I'll be down soon." And he hung up the receiver, muttering, "The ass! I must kick him out! He's an old woman the instant I turn my back"

He had intended not to go down, but to shut himself in with the brandy-bottle until nightfall. This news made his presence in the Street imperative. "They couldn't have sprung at me at a worse time," he muttered. "But I can take care of 'em!"

He returned to the library, took another drink, larger than the first His blood began to pound through his veins and to rush along under the surface of his skin like a sheet of fire Waves of fury surged into his brain, making him dizzy, confusing his sight—he could scarcely refrain from grinding his teeth. He descended to the basement, his step unsteady.

"A ladder," he said in a thick voice.

He led the way to the rear wall. A dozen men-servants, swarming about, tried to assist him. He ordered them aside and began to climb. As the upper part of his body rose above the wall-line he heard a triumphant shout, many voices crying: "There he is! There he is!"

The lot round the corner from his palace was not built upon; and there, in the side street, was a rapidly-swelling crowd, the camera-bearers hastily putting their instruments in position, the black cloths fluttering like palls or pirate flags. With a roaring howl he released his hold upon the ladder and shook both fists, his swollen face blazing between them. He tottered, fell backward, crashed upon the stone flooring of the area. His head struck with a crack that made the women-servants scream. The men lifted him and carried him into the house. He was not stunned; he tried to stand. But he staggered back into the arms of his valet and his butler

"Brandy!" he gasped.

He took a third drink—and became unconscious. When the doctor arrived he was raving in a high fever. For years he had drunk to excess—but theretofore only when *he* chose, never when his appetite chose, never when his affairs needed a clear brain. Now appetite, long lying in wait for him, had found him helpless in the clutches of rage and fear, and had stolen away his mind

The news was telephoned to the office at half-past eleven o'clock. "It doesn't matter," said Giddings. "He'd only make things worse if he were to come now"

Giddings was apparently right. From a tower of strength, supporting alone, yet with ease, National Woolens and the vast structure based upon it, Dumont had crumbled into an obstruction and a weakness. There is an abysmal difference between everybody knowing a thing privately and everybody knowing precisely the same thing publicly. In that newspaper exposure there was no fact of importance that was not known to the entire Street, to his chief supporters in his great syndicate of ranches, railroads, factories, steamship lines and selling agencies. But the tremendous blare of publicity acted like Joshua's horns at Jericho. The solid walls of his public reputation tottered, toppled, fell flat.

There had been a tight money market for two weeks Though there had been uneasiness as to all the small and many of the large "industrials," belief in National Woolens and in the stability of John Dumont had remained strong But of all the cowards that stand sentinel for capital, the most craven is Confidence. At the deafening crash of the fall of Dumont's private character, Confidence girded its loins and tightened its vocal chords to be in readiness for a shrieking flight.

Dumont ruled through a parent and central corporation, the National Woolens Company, which held a majority of the stock in each of the seventeen corporations constituting the "trust." His control was in part through ownership of Woolens stock but chiefly through proxies sent to him by thousands of small stockholders because they had confidence in his abilities. To wrest control from him it was necessary for the raiders both to make him "unload" his own holding of stock and to impair his reputation so that his supporters would desert him or stand aloof

On the previous day National Woolens closed at eighty two for the preferred and thirty-nine for the common. In the first hour of the day of the raid Giddings and the other members of Dumont's supporting group of financiers were able to keep it fairly steady at about five points below the closing price of the previous day, by buying all that was offered—the early offerings were large, but not overwhelming. The supporters of other industrials saw that the assault on Woolens was a menace to their stocks—if a strong industrial weakened, the weaker ones would inevitably suffer disaster in the frightened market that would surely result. They showed a disposition to rally to the support of the Dumont stocks

At eleven o'clock Giddings began to hope that the raid was a failure, if indeed it had been a real raid. At eleven-twenty Herron played his trump card.

The National Industrial Bank is the huge barometer to which all speculative and investing Wall Street looks for guidance. Whom that bank protects is as safe as was the mediæval fugitive who laid hold of the altar in the sanctuary; whom that bank frowns upon in the hour of stress is lost indeed if he have so much as a pin-point's area of heel that is vulnerable. Mowbray, the president of that bank, was a

"HOW DID YOU HAVE THE COURAGE TO SPEAK WHEN I AM LOOKING SUCH A WRECK?" SHE ASKED

fanatically religious man, with as keen a nose for heretics as for rotten spots in collateral. He was peculiarly savage in his hatred of all matrimonial deviations. He was a brother of Fanshaw's mother; and she and Herron had been working upon him. But so long as Dumont's share in the scandal was not publicly attributed he remained obdurate—he never permitted his uptown creed or code to interfere with his downtown doings unless it became necessary—that is, unless it could be done without money loss. For, uptown or downtown, to make money was always and in all circumstances the highest morality, to lose money the profoundest immorality.

At twenty minutes past eleven Mowbray "called" loans to Dumont and the Dumont supporting group to the amount of three millions and a quarter. Ten minutes later other banks and trust companies whose loans to Dumont and his allies either were "on call" or contained provisions permitting a demand for increased collateral, followed Mowbray's example and aimed and sped their knives for Dumont's vitals.

Giddings found himself face to face with unexpected and peremptory demands for eleven millions in cash and thirteen millions in additional collateral securities. If he did not meet these demands forthwith the banks and trust companies, to protect themselves, would throw upon the market at whatever price they could get the thirty odd millions of Woolens stocks which they held as collateral for the loans.

"What does this mean, Eaversole?" he exclaimed, with white, wrinkled lips, heavy circles suddenly appearing under his eyes. "Is Mowbray trying to ruin everything?"

"No," answered Eaversole, third vice president of the company. "He's supporting the market, all except us. He says Dumont must be driven out of the Street. He says his presence here is a pollution and a source of constant danger"

The National Woolens supporting group was alone; it could get no help from any quarter, as every possible ally was frightened into his own breastworks for the defense of his own interests. Dumont, the brain and the will of the group, had made no false moves in business, had been bold only where his matchless judgment showed him a clear way; but he had not foreseen the instantaneous annihilation of his chief asset—his reputation

Giddings sustained the unequal battle superbly. He was cool, and watchful, and effective. It is doubtful if Dumont himself could have done so well, handicapped as he would have been on that day by the Fanshaw scandal. Giddings cajoled and threatened, retreated slowly here, advanced intrepidly there. On the one side, he held back wavering banks and trust companies, persuading some that all was well, warning others that if they pressed him they would lose all. On the other side, he faced his powerful foes and made them tremble as they saw their battalions of millions roll upon his unbroken line of battle only to break and disappear. At noon National Woolens preferred was at fifty-eight, the common at twenty-nine. Giddings was beginning to hope.

At three minutes past noon the ticker clicked out: "It is reported that John Dumont is dying."

As that last word jerked letter by letter from under the printing wheel the floor of the Stock Exchange became the rapids of a human Niagara. By messenger, by telegraph, by telephone, holders of National Woolens and other industrials, in the financial district, in all parts of the country, across the sea, poured in their selling orders upon the frenzied brokers. And all these forces of hysteria and panic, projected into that narrow, roofed-in space, made of it a roaring chaos of contending demons. All stocks were caught in the upheaval; Mowbray and his calculations to limit the explosion were blown skyward, feeble as straws in a cyclone Prices went up and down like the readings of a thermometer that is plunging alternately into boiling water and snow. Amid shrieks and howls and frantic tossings of arms and mad rushes and maniac contortions of faces, National Woolens and all the Dumont stocks bent, broke, went smashing down, down, down, every one struggling to unload

Dumont's fortune was a dismantled wreck, the stateliest of the fleet of galleons that day driven on the rocks and dashed in pieces. Dumont's crew had been engulfed or had swam to safety—Giddings, with a few selected friends, into the wreckers' camp, where they were hospitably received and were made as comfortable as their exhausted condition permitted.

John Dumont was at the mercy of Hubert Herron in his own company. If he lived he would be president only until the next annual meeting—less than two months away; and the Herron crowd had won over enough of his board of directors to make him meanwhile powerless where he had been autocrat.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Old Man's Monologue

THERE was a benefit performance in New York for a hospital, not long ago, and Joseph Jefferson, the veteran actor, volunteered. His part was to make a short speech telling how the funds realized were to be applied.

Two song-and-dance girls came from their dressing-room. They stopped to await their call. One of them thought she would see what was going on and peeked out on the stage.

"Who's on now?" her companion asked.

"Oh," said the investigator, "it's an old man doing a monologue, and, say! he's something fierce. He's been on ten minutes already and hasn't had a laugh."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

The net paid circulation of The Saturday Evening Post of December 26 was

635,900 Copies

The Man and the Chance

A YOUNG man has just been elected Mayor of New York City. As he is a Democrat and as New York is the metropolis of the State from which the Democratic party most often takes the Presidential candidates, many people are saying, "What a chance he has!"

But that depends upon the man. And as the man who has the capacity for taking advantage of opportunities is not dependent upon circumstances for the making of those opportunities, the remark comes pretty near to being meaningless. Emerson says somewhere, "Success is a constitutional trait." For the man who is constitutionally made for success, every circumstance, whatever its complexion or aspect of importance or unimportance, becomes an opportunity.

The man who succeeds doesn't "look out for opportunities." He looks *in* for them. For that's where opportunities come from.

Common-Sense and Disease

THREE doctors, attending a child with diphtheria, saw it grow steadily weaker although they were giving it medicines which should have cured. When it had been ill six weeks, and was at the last gasp, they called in a distinguished specialist. They went upstairs with him, and one of them opened the door of the sick-room. He paused. "Move the child to another room," said he. "Then I'll look at it."

The instant the patient ceased to breathe that germ saturated air it began to revive. The specialist could only approve the medicines the other doctors were prescribing, and go away. All he had brought to that house of sickness was a little common-sense

Usually that is all that the distinguished specialist in any kind of ailment, political, industrial, physical, brings when he is called. And that's all he need bring. Any one can learn things out of books; any one can follow a routine. But common-sense—that requires a little ability to think and a little exercise of the ability.

Neighbors, Not Enemies

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is going to have a prominent place in American politics. His policy is hardly less important to us than it is to England, and it may lead to action here before it does in his own country. It has already converted reciprocity with Canada from a barren ideality into a most live and pressing subject of practical business. "The critical hour is at hand," says the Honorable John Charlton, of Ontario, to the Boston Chamber of Commerce, "when Canada will have arrived at the parting of the ways and will decide whether she shall cultivate intimate and natural relations with the United States, or whether she shall put up her tariff wall against that country and become a component part of a great imperial trade federation."

That decision rests not with Canada but with us. We can drive her away from her own continent into an unnatural association with countries on the other side of the world, or we can bind her to North America by ties of interest that no imperial sentiment can loose. Even the most fanatic imperialists admit that if the currents of Canadian trade were made to run permanently north and south, instead of east and west, the political boundary would be practically wiped out. Some of them denounce Mr. Charlton's reciprocity ideas for this reason.

Thus far the establishment of closer trade relations with Canada has been blocked by little local interests in the United States. But all these influences combined are insignificant in comparison with those that have unsuccessfully resisted reciprocity with Hawaii, Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines. The American people are beginning to feel a little impatience with the man who is willing to sacrifice tremendous national interests to the peanut crop of his "deestrict." One glance at the map, with Canada and the United States dividing the continent between them, with their boundaries interlaced like the teeth of a pair of cogs, with the great trade routes of the hemisphere held in common, must show any American with a spark of imagination that they ought not to be foreigners to each other. That cripples both.

The continent of North America will never have its full development until it is treated industrially and commercially as a unit. To detach Canada from business dependence upon Europe and make her at least part of our commercial, if not of our political, system is a logical extension of the Monroe doctrine.

A Bill for Clean Bills

ONE does not need to be a faddist on the subject of "germs" to welcome with enthusiasm the bill which Representative Wiley, of New Jersey, has introduced into Congress "to provide for clean paper money." Everybody has experienced the feeling of unutterable disgust with which one is compelled to handle and pass along the dirty, ragged, foul-smelling pieces of paper that too often are made to do duty as currency. Everybody knows, too, the feeling of pleasure with which one receives clean, crisp bills fresh from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Nobody would think of using anything but new bills at holiday time. A gift of dirty paper, no matter what its value as a medium of exchange, would be justly regarded as almost an insult if proffered as a Christmas remembrance.

The preamble to Representative Wiley's bill recites that many diseases are transmitted through the handling of paper money, that it has been found perfectly practicable to issue clean paper money from the Bank of England, and that the United States should be second to no nation in providing a supply of clean paper money on demand. The bill itself stipulates that all paper money returned to the Treasury for any purpose shall be destroyed, and that new notes shall issue in its place. It further provides that all assessments on national banks for the return and redemption of notes shall be repealed.

The demand for clean paper money is increasing all the time, especially among those who have traveled in other countries, for it is an indisputable fact that we have in circulation in the United States the largest amount of dirty paper money in the world. The banks try to meet the growing demand for clean money, but the expense of sending notes to the Treasury is a considerable item in the course of a year, and it is not strange that, under existing conditions, the old notes are continued in service as long as people can be found to take them. To put the expense of renewal on the National Government would be to put it where it rightly belongs.

The Homes of the Poor

THE fact that two and a half million people in New York City live in tenements has given the impression that there is a necessary connection between poverty and tenement-house life, for the metropolis contrives to magnify its own conditions to a national scale. But the authoritative book on this subject just prepared by Tenement-House Commissioner De Forest, of New York, and Mr. Laurence Veiller conveys the cheering information that the evil hardly exists in other American cities.

Philadelphia is known everywhere as a city of homes. The tenement system does not exist there, and such bad conditions as there are in the small houses of the poor could be readily remedied. There is no tenement-house problem in Chicago. There are slums in Baltimore, but practically no tenements. Tenement houses are "practically unknown" in Cleveland.

They are not to be found to any extent in San Francisco, in New Orleans, in Detroit, in Milwaukee, in Louisville, in Minneapolis, in St. Paul, in Providence, in Rochester or in Denver.

Some important cities are fortunate enough to be free not only from the tenement problem but even from a housing problem. In Detroit, for instance, "the homes of the majority of the workingmen and poor people of the city are for the most part thoroughly comfortable, and most of the people live in separate houses."

The only American cities outside of New York that have a really serious tenement problem are Boston, Cincinnati, Pittsburg and Hartford. The evil in each case has been the outgrowth of local conditions that can be remedied. In New York these evils have been attacked so vigorously that the "new law tenement" of to-day is a more healthful, safe and attractive dwelling than was the average flat of ten years ago.

There used to be certain pernicious superstitions which, originating in New York, spread through the country. One of them was that the poor lived in squalid slums because they did not want anything better. It was no use to give them running water, for they would not use it, or bathtubs, for they would fill them with coal and ashes. Now, it has been proved that decent houses can be kept clean, that bathtubs will be used when they are furnished, and that the desire for civilized quarters is so strong that the houses which promise them have their apartments rented from the plans before they are built.

The slum is not a necessary evil, and the civilization of those cities that tolerate it will be under indictment until it is uprooted.

A Self-Made Country

ONE of the English investigators of our public-school system was seated next to Brander Matthews at a dinner. He began the conversation by saying: "I'm beginning to think you educate the people very well here."

"Not at all," replied Mr. Matthews. "We don't educate the people. We *are* the people, and we educate ourselves."

The Englishman reflected on this, and some time afterward said that he thought that remark gave him the key to the mystery of the difference between America and the other great nations of the world. In all the other great nations, even in France, republic though it is, the government does for the people; in America the people do for themselves, and, in a few minor matters, use their servant, the administration, as an instrument for doing certain things for themselves which can be better done that way

If some of the savage critics of lawlessness in America would think on the fundamental American fact, self-government, instead of being surprised by the comparatively little disorder, they would be amazed at the orderliness of a vast people whose only restraints are self-imposed and self-enforced.

"Cinch" and "Bunch"

A COLLEGE president, speaking of an American university, has said that the election of studies in that university is made by the students on two principles: the first principle is the principle of "cinch" The principle of "cinch," as applied in this university, consists in choosing those courses which are easy. There are courses, and many, in most colleges which are not difficult to the ordinary student They usually are offered by teachers whose learning may be great or small, but whose standards imposed upon the students are low. A passing mark in such courses may even be secured by the devotion of ten minutes to each exercise.

A second principle which is also applied is the principle of "bunch." The principle of "bunch" is the principle consisting of the choosing of studies on the ground of their recitations or lectures falling in hours that are near together. The principle represents taking studies which are set for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and which leave the remaining three days of the week free, or which may be set for Thursday, Friday and Saturday, leaving the first three days free.

The principle of "bunch" is the opposite of the Napoleonic principle of dividing and conquering. The college president who recently spoke of these two principles was possibly extreme in statement and impression. But the principle does represent a method which is altogether too common among the students, and which college authorities are doing all they can to remove.

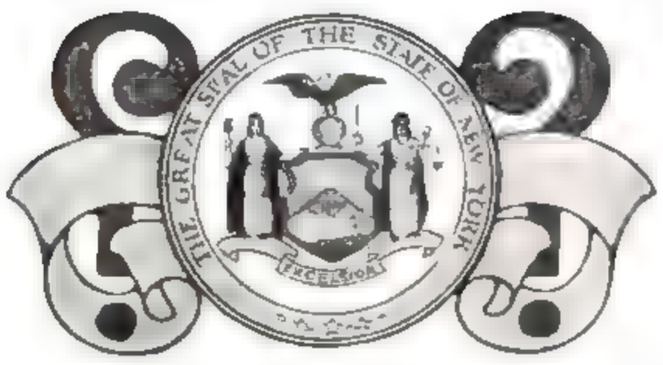
Our Neighbor's Business

THE Russian Government has a "secret" railway running down through Siberia to the boundary line of Afghanistan. No one is permitted to travel on it, but enough facts have leaked out to make it certain that if the day ever comes when Russia has the chance to seize British India she will be ready to pour in a huge army. Here is one of the many evidences of that amazing tenacity of ambition, that insatiable appetite for acquisition which is the prime characteristic of the Russian ruling class.

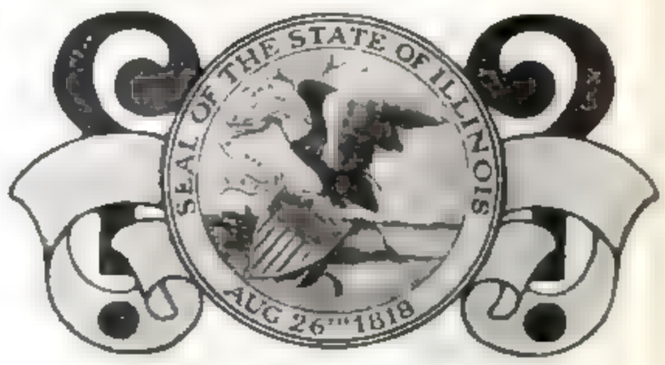
Czars come and go, but Russia never swerves in her resolute march toward the Pacific on the east, toward the Indian Ocean on the southeast, toward the Black Sea and the Mediterranean on the south.

Nothing for the people at home. Every effort to spread enlightenment treated as America would treat an effort to spread cholera or yellow fever. Just the barbarous, brutal appetite for more lands to misrule. Certain it is that any nation which has a "vigorous and aggressive foreign policy" invariably neglects things at home—as a man or woman who minds the neighbors' business leaves chaos at home to go forth and do it.

Can the Democrats Elect a President?



By David Graham Phillips



WHEN the new apportionment added twenty-nine members to the House of Representatives, it added twenty-nine votes to the Electoral College. In 1900 the two candidates for President received 447 votes. In 1904 the two candiates will divide 476 votes. If the new votes had represented the addition of one, or even two or three States there would have been much anxious speculating and calculating. But because they are scattered among twenty of the forty-five States, no State getting more than three, most of the twenty getting only one, the politicians and the political arithmeticians are giving the matter far less attention than it deserves.

Where are these new votes?

Nine will be cast in that group of "sure Democratic" Southern States which represents all that Mr. Bryan's two campaigns left of the "solid South"—Virginia, North Carolina (1), South Carolina, Georgia, Florida (1), Alabama, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi (1), Louisiana (1), Missouri (1), Arkansas (1), Texas (3)

Six will be cast in the States that the Republicans are sure, or "as good as sure," to carry—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts (1), Rhode Island, Pennsylvania (2), Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota (2), North Dakota (1), South Dakota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon.

The remaining *fourteen* will be cast in States that are more or less doubtful—Connecticut (1), New York (3), New Jersey (2), West Virginia (1), Illinois (3), Wisconsin (1), Colorado (1), California (1), Washington (1)

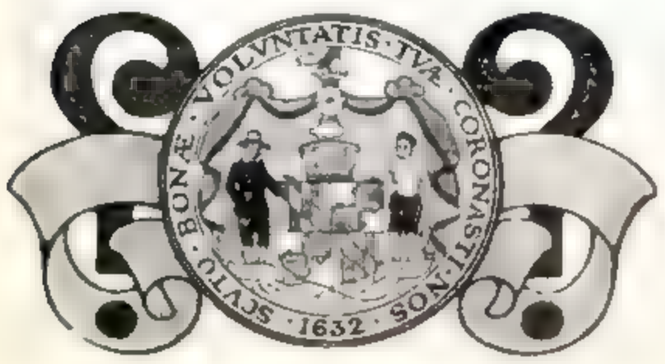
Of these nine doubtful States, seven—all but little Colorado and little Washington—were carried by Mr Cleveland in 1892. All of them but Colorado and Washington were carried by Mr. McKinley in 1896; and he carried all of them but Colorado in 1900

An important—perhaps the most important—fact about the twenty-nine new votes is their geographical distribution Nine go to the South and ten to the various sections of the West, the remaining ten going to States east of the Alleghanies. This means that the importance of the rest of the country over the "East" has been increased in the proportion of nineteen to ten. As we shall see, the result is that the preponderance of the Middle West has at last become definite and established—a highly significant fact for selecters of Presidential candidates and builders of national platforms.

The "sure Democratic" group—the thirteen Southern States—will cast in 1904 a total of 151 electoral votes. The fifteen "sure Republican" States will cast a total of 159 electoral votes. Let us tabulate the political problem of 1904:

Total vote in the Electoral College	476
Necessary to elect a President	239
Sure Democratic electors	151
Sure Republican electors	159
Democratic deficiency	88
Republican deficiency	80

If the Democrats find eighty-eight votes in addition to those they are sure of we shall have a Democratic President, but, on the other hand, if the Republicans find eighty votes in addition to those they are sure of we shall have a Republican President. Thus the question for the politicians of the two parties to solve is: Where shall we seek the most hopeful adequate combinations of States to win us the votes we lack?



Twenty-eight States are sure, or practically sure, one way or the other, as we have seen above. The search must be prosecuted in the seventeen remaining States. And in some group of them we shall find the battle-ground.

Now, of these seventeen States there are two that are classed as more or less doubtful, but are, in present conditions, all but surely Republican. They are of the purely agricultural States of the trans-Mississippi West where the Republican farmers, angered by mortgages and poor crops, went over to Populism and so, in the Bryan campaign of 1896, to the Democratic party. But now, like Kansas and Nebraska and the Dakotas, they have got over their ill-humor under the softening influences of unmortgaged acres and bursting barns, and are snug again in the Republican fold. These States are Wyoming and Washington—eight electoral votes in all. Then there is California—it likes Oriental expansion and it is enthusiastic about the Republican management for the Panama Canal. Add its votes to the eight and we get eighteen votes which wary Democratic calculators will, for safety's sake, put—perhaps tentatively—in the Republican column. The Democrats may have hopes there, but not lively expectations. Finally, there are the five silver-mining States—Colorado, Montana, Utah, Idaho, Nevada. They were enthusiastically Republican so long as the Republicans flirted with "free silver." But when the Democracy married that interesting lady, and the Republicans very reluctantly dropped her, those five States became Democratic. They have been sneaking back to the Republicans ever since the disaster of 1896. They have in all seventeen votes. It is wise for Democrats to grant the Republicans at least eight of them for 1904. This swells the total of Republican "extremely likely" votes to twenty-six Add twenty-six to the Republican total of "sure" plus "almost sure," 159, and you get 185

Thus we have reduced the labors of Republican electoral vote hunters to a struggle for fifty-four votes.

What can we impartially do to reduce Democratic labors in like manner? We might give them the remainder of the votes of the silver mining group—nine. But to make sure of these nine votes the Democrats would have to "talk silver" again; and that is, from the standpoint of practical politics, not wise—it means too great sacrifice in other directions. After looking carefully through the list of seventeen unattached States the only reasonable addition to the Democratic "sure" total that can be made is Maryland with its eight votes. It has gone Republican in the two last Presidential campaigns; but now that the return of the Populist farmers to the Republican party has made "silver" a poor vote-getter, the Democrats are not likely to have much to say about it in their platform or campaign of 1904. And that means a Democratic Maryland. Give Maryland to the Democrats, and the Democratic deficiency is reduced to eighty.

Republican deficiency, 54; Democratic deficiency, 80. And these following eight States, and they only, left to look for votes in:

	Electoral Votes		Electoral Votes
Connecticut	7	West Virginia	7
New York	39	Indiana	15
New Jersey	12	Illinois	27
Delaware	3	Wisconsin	13

If the Republicans find their fifty-four votes here the Democrats are lost. If the Democrats find their eighty votes here the Republicans are lost. That is the battle-ground—and a very strenuous battle must be fought there; for the Republicans have been carrying every one of these States by majorities that ranged from big to huge ever since 1896. Mr. Cleveland carried six of the eight in 1884; he carried four of them in 1888; he carried all of them in 1892

As we examine this crucial field a little more closely we see that it can be still further narrowed. Delaware, with only three votes, may be disregarded. Possibly, it might be wise to concede it—and Addicks—to the Republicans. Then there is West Virginia. The character of its population has been rapidly changing in the past fifteen years; it is practically a Republican State now—contestable but extremely difficult Then there is Wisconsin. When Mr. Cleveland carried it in 1892 it was distracted by a public-school issue in which the Republicans had the unpopular side; that has been settled, nor are La Follette and Spooner quarreling now—so its Republicanism is pretty certain. Add Delaware, West Virginia and Wisconsin to the Republican column. The deficiency of fifty-four is reduced by twenty-three.

As in every other group of doubtful or possibly doubtful States, there is nothing here in this group of eight pivotal, crucial States that offers sufficient elements of doubt to justify adding it arbitrarily to the Democratic column. Wherever the element of chance enters it is, in the present posture of national politics, heavily in favor of the "stand-patters." Democratic calculators of that conservative kind which indulges in no dreams or delusions will leave the Democratic deficiency eighty at the edge of the battle-ground.

We have narrowed the real battle-ground—the arena where the fierce fighting must take place—to Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Indiana and Illinois. And we have seen that, to win, the Republicans have, on the face of the facts, far fewer votes to get than have the Democrats. If the Republicans sustained no losses elsewhere New York alone would carry them through with eight votes to spare—New York, if they can get it

On the other hand, the Democrats, with their eighty deficiency and with their smaller, almost disregardable, chances of "pick-ups" elsewhere, have a very serious problem. Their old combination—New York, New Jersey, Indiana and Connecticut with the "solid South"—will not suffice. Delaware and West Virginia are gone from the "solid South," and the new apportionment has reduced the efficiency of the four northern States of the combination. They have but seventy three electoral votes, and eighty are needed.

Now, we see how the new apportionment has gone to the very bottom of national politics and has there turned and overturned. The balance of power has at last been firmly fixed in the region between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi; Illinois has become the formidable rival of New York in the adjustments of balances in the Electoral College.

Several *possible* Democratic combinations can be made. But only one is what may be called hopeful—this is, has in it elements which are likely to cause nervousness in a Republican looking over the shoulder of the Democratic calculator—if that Democrat is basing his calculations on a certain kind of Democratic candidate and platform, a platform that suits the candidate and a candidate who is a platform in himself. This interesting Democratic combination is

The thirteen "sure" Democratic Southern States	151
Maryland	8
New York	39
Illinois and Indiana	42
	240

That "combine" would elect a Democratic President with one vote to spare. Of course, the Democratic candidate and platform that would carry Maryland, New York, Illinois and Indiana as Mr. Cleveland carried them in 1892 might sweep several other doubtful States into the Democratic column—probably Connecticut and New Jersey, at least.

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THIS is the first announcement of our reduced price sale; therefore act quickly if you wish to take advantage of it. Suits, skirts and jackets made to order at the following reduced prices. All of brand new materials, no third rate or shop worn goods at these prices.

All of these fabrics are suitable for Winter and early Spring wear. All of our styles and more than 200 of our best patterns are in this sale.

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You take no risk in dealing with us, as any garment which is not entirely satisfactory may be returned promptly [illegible]

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We are now receiving from abroad the new Spring styles. We have never seen handsomer garments than have been designed for the coming season. Our new [illegible] ready January 25, and [illegible] Suits, from $4.50 to $40. Skirts, from $3 to $20. Spring Jackets from $10 to $30. Etamine Costumes and Skirts, Mohair and Brilliantine Suits and Skirts, Walking Suits, Visiting [illegible] We will send you all five as soon as issued together with our new Spring samples. Be sure to say you wish new Spring Catalogue No. 51-S and samples.

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One "BEST" Light

Gives more Light than
Six Electric Lights, or Ten Kerosene Lamps or One Hundred Candles, and Costs less than Kerosene

Burns 90% Air 10% Gas

Air is free. The Lamp makes all the gas needed

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AGENTS WANTED
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
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PATENTS No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for *Inventor's Guide*.
FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C.

KANSAS FAKES

The Father of Them All was Born in 1541, and He Left a Large Family

By Philip Eastman

FOR more than three hundred years Kansas has been the chosen spot to give "to airy nothings a local habitation and a name" The first of these fanciful tales were traditions. In 1541 the report reached Coronado that the wonderful Kingdom of Quivera, where the dwellings were castles, the rivers many leagues wide and navigated by ships studded with jewels and precious metals, where the streets were paved with silver and the cooking utensils were made of gold, was located northeast of Mexico in the country now within the borders of Kansas. The Spaniard and his followers set out on the march and toiled from Mexico to the Smoky Hill and Kansas Rivers only to find Quivera a myth. The Quivera story is the first record in history of a "Kansas fake

The stories told by Lieutenant Pike when he returned from his march to the Rocky Mountains; the news from Bleeding Kansas before and during the Civil War; the acts of John Brown and his followers; the swarms of grasshoppers which clouded the sky and eclipsed the sun; the droughts and the cyclones and the blizzards set the fashion Since then the spacewriters have found, among the editors of many Eastern newspapers, a constant demand for startling news from Kansas. These editors believe implicitly in everything under a Kansas dateline and agree with the late Senator Ingalls, who said: "The every-day events of Kansas would be marvels elsewhere, our platitudes would be panegyrics; the trite, commonplace and unknown."

There has been a demand for strange tales from Kansas, and many actual happenings have met the requirements; they served to increase the demand but not the supply Faking has been resorted to by only a few writers, but, as a result, Kansas is credited with as many strange and wonderful tales as ever came from the land of Prester John in the twelfth century

Occasionally the old Quivera story is revived and that wonderful region is located somewhere in Kansas, to suit the author of the fake. Now and then gold is discovered in the sand of some stream or in a barren spot in western counties. But there is nothing to compare with the story sent out some years ago to the effect that gold-bearing quartz had been discovered on top of the ground in Sumner County. A newspaper writer, traveling one day in a buggy, saw some hogs rooting in a field. They were nosing about a few loose rocks. That was the basis for a story to the effect that the hogs, in rooting up the field, had uncovered rocks containing gold The omnipresent "old miner," who happened to be on hand at the right time, stated in the printed story that the rocks would produce $208 to the ton. The story straightway appeared in Eastern newspapers and the rush to the Sumner County hog-pen gold-fields began. To keep the story alive and to increase his income, the author of the fake had reproduced what he asserted were copies of an old map, found in ancient archives in Mexico, which located Quivera in Sumner County. Copies of the map sold at one dollar each. The fakir was the only person, unless it were the hotel keepers of the neighborhood, who realized any return on the discovery

The Famous "Child-in-the-Well" Story

Another fake, that kept the mothers of the country in a tearful state for days, was the famous "child-in-the-well story" which went out from Wichita some years ago. The story had it that a two-year-old child fell into an uncovered bored well and when discovered was 150 feet below the surface. The cries of the child could be heard by the people gathered around the opening of the well. The child's mother was frantic. The entire community wished to aid, but nothing could be done to rescue the infant from its perilous position. That was the story sent out to the papers on the first day. By the second day the child, from lack of food, had grown smaller and had slipped still lower. The cries of the child became fainter. Food was lowered in a bucket at the end of a rope.

NEWS - NOT FICTION

The editors were eager for news of the infant prisoner. On one night a 900-word dispatch was repeated from Wichita to thirty-seven different newspapers. The writers who joined in exploiting the fake kept the story going for four days. Day by day interest in the affair increased. The strain on the imaginations of the writers became too great The child kept slipping. There had to be a bottom to the well and an end to the story On the fourth day the fakirs gave up and sent out the closing chapter by stating that the child had been rescued by means of a hook, on the end of a rope, which had been caught in the child's clothing. Bored wells are about six inches in diameter

Cold, Not Hot, Air

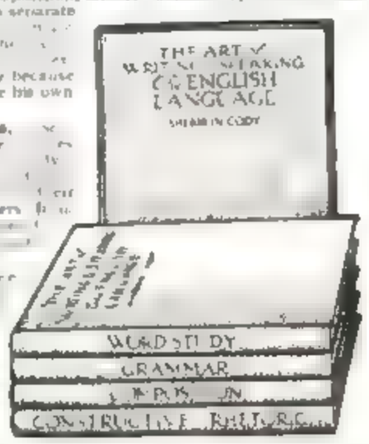
Then there was another bored-well story sent out in 1901 during the drought, this time at Wakeeney. It would seem that an attempt to bore a well in the village cemetery had been made and after several drills were broken the well was abandoned. The story was put on the wire by a correspondent in Eastern Kansas that while some boys were playing in the cemetery they dropped a piece of a broken drill in the opening of the abandoned well. The drill fell through a crust of thin rock at the bottom and tapped a subterranean flow of cold air. The air rushed up through the well and in a few minutes the temperature of the surrounding country fell twenty degrees. It was announced that a company would be formed to pipe the town and the houses, and that cold air would be supplied to patrons of the company during the summers. The story was used by several large papers east of the Mississippi River.

When Frederick Funston became prominent the writers were busy hunting up his past career. For a time, events in his life furnished a varied assortment of startling stories. When everything truthful about him had been printed the fakirs took their turn The most startling was the tale of how Funston captured a runaway locomotive. This train was being made up at Downs, Osborne County, Kansas, on the Missouri Pacific, for the daily trip to Atchison. The engine that was to pull the train had not been coupled to the coaches The engineer and fireman left the cab for a few moments. Suddenly the engine gave a puff and started off toward Atchison. The operator at Downs telegraphed to Cawker City, the next station east: "Runaway engine. Throw the derailing switch." Funston "happened" to be in the depot at Cawker. As the operator ran toward the switch he shouted to Funston that a runaway engine was coming from Downs. One hundred yards west of the station was a water tank. Funston ran to the tank, climbed up to where he would be even with the top of the engine, calculated the distance and, when the engine came thundering along, jumped on to the pile of coal in the tender, climbed into the

Good English Pays

Do you know that Marshall Field & Co. pay their employees $1 for every error in English one of them finds in any of the printed matter issued by the house? Nowadays nothing hurts a man's **prestige** with the educated like careless English. Moreover, the best correspondents are no longer willing to write their letters in the **time-worn commercial jargon** of ha[illegible] phrases. A good letter, [illegible] ing, the [illegible] of good sales[illegible]

The man who will help you is Sherwin Cody. He has an international reputation as an expert on En[illegible] for business men and now has put his private lessons into four [illegible] (money-saving size) — seven complete courses, We[illegible] Punctuation, Composition, Business Letter Writing, Story Writing, Creative Composition, Invent[illegible] typewriter — for $1.98 to $4.98 each separate



[illegible] nothing that is [illegible] letter than a dictionary because they teach a man to be his own dictionary

Business Managers. — [illegible] have enrolled Mr. [illegible] books and personal [illegible] of English service [illegible] clerks who write letters [illegible] the correct [illegible] the [illegible] results [illegible]

Credit Men — [illegible] is [illegible] are [illegible] learn yourself, and [illegible] will find that the credit of your house will increase wonderfully if [illegible] see that every letter that goes out is the best

Young Business Men. — If you want the touch, the snap, the tone of "words that win" in the business world, go to the man who is both a scholar and a master of straight from-the-shoulder business English. His little book about [illegible]

Advertisement Writers. — [illegible] into your [illegible] and [illegible] private [illegible] at home

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$5.00 for $3.00

This set of four books, containing seven complete home-study courses, costs $5.00

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Both — the books and the magazine — will be sent, prepaid, for $3.00 if your order is sent on the white space below — $5 if not

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System is essential to business success. And so is SYSTEM, the magazine. It tells every month all the new [illegible] that save money, time and labor. It is filled with business ideas for YOU. The regular reading of SYSTEM will solve your business perplexities — but if it does not SYSTEM has a staff of experts to advise business men who will answer your questions free. Subscriptions $2.00 per year.

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No gumming to clog neck of bottle. No sediment — will not mould nor [illegible] the finest papers. Full 8-ounce bottle, 50c.; also half-pints, pints and quarts.

Russia Cement Co. Gloucester, Mass., U.S.A.

LE PAGE'S PROVED TASTE AND

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WHITTEMORE'S

OILYCREAM

MAKES SHOES WEAR LONGER

and is a perfect leather food for all black shoes. Each tube contains enough for about 100 shines, and the polish is so durable that one application a week will be sufficient. It does not leak or spill, and can be carried in your trunk, bag or pocket without soiling anything. A felt dauber and woolen polishing cloth, making a complete polishing outfit, in every 25 cent box.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT

If he doesn't sell Oilycream send us his name and address

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Full size 25 Cent package postpaid

One package will be sent to each person, and this offer will stay open until April 1, 1904. Send to-day before it is too late.

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Dept. P, Cambridge, Mass.
Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes for over 50 years

Not a drop can touch you when your buggy is closed up by the

Blizzard Storm Front

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Fits any buggy.

Adjusted in 30 seconds without getting out. Made of rubber proofed cloth, with storm gloves, sides open and close as quickly and easily as a door, large line pockets, etc. Perfectly satisfactory. The large window is made of a special transparent material that will not crack. Rubber Cloth, $3.00, Heavy Rubber Cloth, $3.50. Trade-mark "Blizzard" is stamped under drive pocket on inside. If your dealer don't sell write us.

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CARBIDE-FEED GENERATOR

CHEAPEST AND BEST

Complete Gas Plants from **$48 to $5,000**

More brilliant than gas or electricity. Costs less than kerosene. Perfectly safe for any building anywhere.

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J. B. COLT CO.
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The largest makers of Acetylene Apparatus in the World

Branches
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Show Your Loyalty by Wearing the

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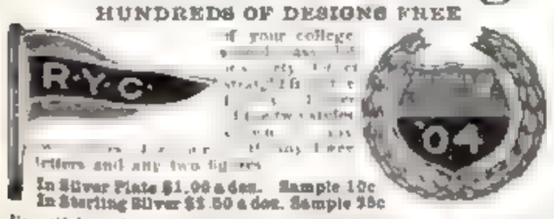
HUNDREDS OF DESIGNS FREE



Any of your college letters and any two figures

In Silver Plate $1.00 a doz. Sample 10c
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Beautiful catalog showing hundreds of designs free. Send for it. Write us if you want a special design. We gladly make a special design at no extra cost.

BASTIAN BROS., 21 L, South Ave., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Do You Write ADS?

IF you prepare any sort of advertising, or are in any way interested in the subject, you should know about our paper. It tells how to write ads that pull, and how to increase your salary. Sent 3 Months Trial Subscription for 10 cents. The Advertising World, Columbus, Ohio

cab, shoved over the throttle, put on the air-brakes and brought the engine to a stop. He was supposed to have said, when it was all over, "It wasn't much. Even if the old kettle had jumped the track I could have got off all right." The Missouri Pacific Company rewarded Funston by issuing him an annual pass, which was renewed each year, in the story. The Missouri Pacific has no record of any runaway engine at Downs nor of Funston having been rewarded, and the oldest inhabitant of Cawker cannot remember that the hero of the story was ever in the town.

In another fake Miss May Burns, of Baltimore, a fictitious person who was supposed to be worth several millions, was delayed at Kinsley, Edwards County, while traveling through Kansas in her private car attached to a Santa Fé train. There was a gathering of children on the station platform. Miss Burns was much interested in them and invited several into her car. She was sitting by an open window with a child on her lap. The child was holding the string attached to a toy balloon. The string became entangled in a diamond brooch Miss Burns was wearing. The pin was unfastened. The child forgot the balloon, let go of the string and away floated the balloon with a diamond brooch, worth several thousand dollars, dangling at the end of the cord! Up and on went the balloon and the brooch until they had disappeared. Miss Burns offered fabulous rewards. Every cowboy in the country began a search for the balloon and the brooch. The diamond pin was not found until two years later, when the author of the fake was short of salable stories. Then he wrote the sequel. The diamond brooch was found in the stomach of a steer shipped from Western Kansas to a packing-house in St. Joseph.

Cyclones have always got their fair share of attention from the fake writers. A story which shows that the speed of cyclones is made to suit the whims of the writers was telegraphed to papers and used as follows:

The Race with a Cyclone

"WICHITA, KANSAS, May 25.—(Special.)—Northbound Santa Fe passenger train No. 48, which arrived here at noon, had a narrow escape from a cyclone's fury. For twelve miles Engineer Watts raced against the tornado. He barely kept his train ahead of the destructive storm, and upon arriving at Winfield he and Fireman Johnson were so nervous and exhausted they had to be assisted from their cab.

"'During the race many women passengers fainted and several physicians were called upon.' Conductor Strain described the race of his train against the cyclone and death.

"'We had just pulled out of Arkansas City when I noticed that a cyclone was gathering in the southwest, and before we could get full speed up it had nearly caught us. Watts noticed it, too. He opened the throttle and we were off.

"'Women fainted and screamed, while the men paced frantically in the coaches. The windows were all closed and doors locked. The heat inside was awful. Sometimes the black cloud would almost touch the rear of the train. Then it seemed to fall back. I stood on the rear of the train and could feel the suction slightly. The train was going fifty miles an hour. The cyclone cloud was black as night and I and others could plainly see it turning around.

"'Reports here this afternoon say the path of the storm was about fifty feet wide. It traveled along the railroad right of way.'"

To enumerate and outline all the fakes sent out from Kansas would be an almost endless task. The story about the Irishman named Crimmins, who died in Wichita and left an old fiddle stuffed with $80,000 worth of greenbacks, and the large number of Crimminses who at once claimed relationship with the deceased; the infant who predicted the drought of 1901 by talking months before reaching the cooing age; women harnessed to plows by farmers who were short of horses; the romance of the German baron who came to this country incognito and joined the Tenth United States Cavalry in 1854 as a private, although the regiment did not exist at that time, and since it was mustered into the service has been a colored regiment in which no German could enlist; the meteorite that was supposed to have fallen through the dome of the insane asylum at Osawatomie and to have broken the statue of John Brown, are some of the wondrous products of fertile imaginations which have been accepted without question by Eastern editors and printed as news—not as fiction.

Everybody May Apply

Housewives, students, teachers, farmers, merchants, doctors, clergymen, stenographers, nurses—in short, *every reader* of *The Saturday Evening Post* is invited to consider this announcement.

Family Memberships

It seems to be quite the thing to join the CENTURY CLUB *by families*—father, mother, son, daughter, and sometimes several sons and daughters. If you will write on a sheet of paper the name, address, occupation, and date of birth of each member of your household who is interested in Club membership, and *send it right off* to the Secretary, full and interesting particulars will be prepared for each.

Do Your Dollars Come Slow and Go Fast?

The Century Life Insurance Club is pre-eminently an institution of thrift and helpfulness and financial success. It solves the problem of easy life-insurance for the people. The Club's wonderful "Neighborhood Plan" produces a *better income* for YOU! If you are thinking about life-insurance or think that you *ought* to be thinking about it, the

Century Life-Insurance Club

will help you. Or, if you are carrying life insurance that *seems burdensome* you need to know the Club's easy instalment method as adapted to the highest-grade policies issued to Club members by one of the strong and reliable old line insurance companies. Or, if you want to get more money than you've got now (without letting go of your present position) you can get it through membership in the Century Club. Day by day, week by week, month by month, the dollars will come to you in exact proportion to your activity and loyalty to Club interests.

Men, women and young people of sincerity and health, who are able to save just a *few dollars* each month, are eligible for membership, *no matter where they may live*. The Club's instructive literature—consisting of the finest insurance booklets ever printed—will be *mailed free* by the Secretary on request, together with an illustration of a policy for $1,000 suited to your age, a blank application for membership, and full particulars as to how members immediately increase their income in a pleasant and happy way.

Enthusiastic members in every State and Territory attest the fact that the Century Club is the *most potential and helpful insurance influence of the hour*.

How to Join Write today. Please *do not fail to answer* the two following questions in your first letter, for if you do the Secretary will have to write back and ask them over again.

1st. What is your occupation? 2d. What is the exact date of your birth?

Prompt action is advised as the present Series is limited to **One Thousand Memberships**, which are pretty well taken.

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Section X
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Secretary

Leather Cases and Emblems

Each Club policy is beautifully engrossed and enclosed in a neat leather case with the member's name inscribed in gold-leaf. It is the *edition de luxe* of life insurance, and forms altogether the most attractive and interesting financial equipment ever offered. Each member also receives the Club Emblem wrought artistically in enamel and gold.

Gratitude, Confidence, Regret

"I am grateful for having the opportunity to become a member of the Club. I have been much pleased by the courteous and business like way in which my application has been treated, and with the evident desire on the part of the Club management to be in every way helpful to the members. I now have such confidence in the Club's method that I regret not having taken a policy for a larger amount. Enclosed please find my month's deposit." A. M. F., Boston.

Begin the New Year by Taking Up the Study of *the New and Well Paying Profession, Advertising*

If you appreciate the fact that the demand for competent men and women ad-writers is increasing; if you are contemplating the study of advertising

Then my proposition will interest you

ELMER HELMS, formerly ad-writer for John Wanamaker—the Instructor who gives personal attention to every lesson of every pupil.

My graduates are well equipped. They obtain and hold good positions. They are sought for One large employer of ad-writers—the head of a syndicate of forty retail stores, has accepted four of my graduates—one at $50 a week. This man writes to me: "Mr. Helms, I will take ten more men of the same kind as you have sent me."

My graduates are in remunerative positions in every part of this country and Canada. Just a couple of examples:

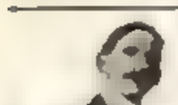
S. D. VAN CAMPEN, Adv. Mgr. W. D. Ackerson Co., Newton, N. J., says: "As I have just had a promotion in this firm, both in position and salary, I feel that I should let you know about it. The greater part of the credit for my success in the past year is due you."

CHARLES S. THORNBURG, [illegible] you have fitted [illegible] good advertising and for the [illegible] on your [illegible]

This is a correspondence course. But the instruction is personal—there's not a form letter among the forty or more that each pupil receives. Every pupil is instructed according to individual needs. Every letter is personally dictated by myself.

I will want about forty new pupils within the next six weeks, to take the place of those who will graduate during that time. I prefer earnest men and women—those who are willing to do some *thinking* about the work presented to them in my printed matter and personal letters. If you are one of that kind write to me [illegible] my methods for helping you to a more lucrative and larger salary

ELMER HELMS
Formerly adwriter for John Wanamaker
Room 63, 22 East 16th Street, New York



Your Office in a TRUNK
With Typewriter If Desired

Sold direct from factory

COMBINATION DRESSER TRUNK

[illegible] Folding Desk [illegible] Sent "On Approval" [illegible] $55 [illegible] Typewriter, [illegible]

"Young" Portable

THE HOMER YOUNG CO., Ltd., Toledo, Ohio.

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The Delegate's Walk

A Stormy Tale of a Storm Door

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of Cheerful Americans

THE storm door needed putting up. It also needed to be painted. I never studied carpentering nor have I ever done any very earnest work at painting, although I did take a few drawing lessons in the Brooklyn Institute in the winter of '75. But that was from casts, and the subject of paint never came up.

To go back to the beginning, the storm door needed to be put up, and every morning, on my departure for the 8:05 train, Mrs. Acton would remind me of it. At last one morning she said: "Henry, we'll have a real cold snap soon and then you'll wish you had engaged some one to put up that door. It saves half a ton of coal a month, I'm sure."

"I don't doubt it a minute, my dear," said I; "but will you tell me where I am going to get any one who will stoop to such a picayune business as putting up a storm door and painting it? You know very well that Mr. Dahlberg, the carpenter, has told me that I must wait my turn and that he hoped to get here before spring, but even he couldn't do any more than put it up. We've got to such a state in this country that he couldn't paint it without bringing about sympathetic strikes all over Union County."

"Shall I get a tramp to do it?"

I laughed in Mrs. Acton's face. It was not polite, but when I remembered the tramps that have come to our house and the various disabilities under which they have labored (or refrained from laboring), it struck me as the height of humor to try to imagine one putting up a storm door or painting it.

There was the tramp that came to me last Tuesday and asked me for the loan of a pair of suspenders until he could get a pair of tighter fitting trousers. He could not have put up the door, because he had injured his foot in a railway collision in Nebraska and wanted to get to Rahway, where he believed he had a wife who would take care of him, and he had been unable to get there owing to the suspicious nature of most people who doubted his story, but if I didn't believe him he would show me his foot. I say that, of course, I could not ask such a man to put up a heavy vestibuled door, so I loaned him the suspenders—in fact I gave them to him—they had lost their pristine resiliency—and I also gave him the fare one way to Rahway, and I hope he found his wife, although I am bound to say that he walked in the wrong direction after he left the house. But that might have been due to his defective foot.

Over at Peawood, the county seat, there are always husky-looking fellows standing on the corners out of work, but I have learned from experience that it is no good to ask them to come and do odd jobs, for they reason that if they did they would no longer be out of work. An out-of door life has its advantages and so has an out-of-work life.

There are various negroes that I have at different times employed to do odd jobs, and one whom I engaged by postal in Peapack to put up the door walked all the six miles to my town to say that he should be unable to do the work as his sister had a cold. He also asked me if I would give him a quarter for his sister's cold. Now, I had absolutely no use for his sister's cold, but I gave him the quarter, and he also walked away in the opposite direction to where his relative lived. But he must soon have discovered that he had made a mistake, for he stopped in at a saloon to ask the direction. And I guess he found the directions on the bottle.

All of which goes to show how little hope I had of getting my storm door on before summer.

My grandmother used to say that if you want a thing done, the best way is to do it yourself, and so I bought a gallon of paint in Fulton Street, New York, and, the next day being Thanksgiving Day, I set to work to paint the door, meaning to let it dry before night and to put it up after dinner.

While I was at work giving everything in sight a coat of green, a well-dressed man, with a nose for paint and a lip that reminded me of one of the most beautiful parts of Ireland, came down the carriage way to where I was at work and said:

"Do you belong to the union?"

"Well, what a thing to ask me?" said I, somewhat puzzled at the question. "My father fought to preserve the Union and I was born in Massachusetts. Of course I belong to the Union. Long may it wave," said I.

You ought to have seen the contemptuous look that came over his Milesian features.

"Oh, I don't mean that Union, I mean the painters' union."

I looked at him and I laughed. Then I laughed again. Then a third time I laughed and spilled paint all down my waistcoat, which was in itself a pretty good answer in the negative.

"Do I look like a 'union' man?" said I. "I live in the house there, and this is my barn, and this is my storm door, and this is my paint, and this is my brush, and this is my own hand, and the work is all mine."

He puffed himself up and said:

"My name's O'Shaugnessy and I'm walking delegate for" (so-and-so. I've really forgotten the number or the official name), "and I want you to understand that you have no right to paint unless you're a member of the 'union.'"

I stared at him in amazement and again I told him that it was my house, my barn, my vestibuled door, my paint, my brush and my own hand, and the work was all mine; and this time I spattered a little paint on his shoe—quite by accident.

At this he became angry and said, "You understand that you've got to stop."

Now, I suppose it was his intention to anger me at that early stage of the game, but it was Thanksgiving Day, and I was expecting a brother that I hadn't seen for a year and who used to be my best chum when we were boys together, and I didn't feel in the mood to get angry, so I said jocosely:

"Look here, Mr. O'Shaugnessy, I feel it my duty to tell you that my boy is up in his room running a jig-saw and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, he doesn't belong to the jig-sawyers' union, and as I know his mother wants him to get dressed in time for dinner I wish you'd go in there and tell him to stop work or join the union."

But Mr. O'Shaugnessy was a very serious Irishman, who had not been in this country long enough to get used to our jocular way of looking at serious things, and he said very sternly:

"I don't want no rag-chewin'. You've got to stop paintin' that door or I'll call a sympathetic strike of all the cooks in town."

"Well," said I, "that wouldn't hurt me personally at all, as we lost our cook last week and Mrs. Acton is doing her own cooking, worse luck."

Then I was sorry I had said it, because, of course, she doesn't belong to the cooks' union, and I was afraid that Mr. O'Shaugnessy would feel it incumbent on himself to go in and stop her from cooking our Thanksgiving dinner, and that would have been a calamity, for I'll never get too old to enjoy the turkey-cranberry-pumpkin-cider mix-up.

But O'Shaugnessy was a man of set purpose and I was in no danger of sidetracking him.

He said: "You're a very funny man——"

"Am I?" said I. (Heaven save the mark! I have to write jokes for a daily paper.) "Am I? Well, I'll have you understand that I have a perfect right to be funny, because I belong to Humorists' Union, New Jersey Branch, No. 678, and we are pledged to keep up the price of jokes and be sparing of our humor. You can't stop me from having my joke, although I'm perfectly willing to sell it if I can find the right purchaser."

Mr. O'Shaugnessy turned a deaf ear to all I had to say. He was not a good listener, and when I had stopped talking and had inadvertently painted the doorknob green, he said:

"I forbid you to do another stroke of work in the name of our union."

"That sounds like Ethan Allen's alleged reply to the British, but I don't acknowledge your authority, and if you haven't anything better to do you will please stroll down the street."

"Do you defy me?" said he, bristling with anger and looking like a turkey-cock—and on Thanksgiving Day, too.

"I don't propose to give you a definition of my actions. If you are quick-witted you will understand without a glossary. My name is Acton and I live in that house, and this is my barn and my vestibuled door and my——"

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

A MODERN FRANKENSTEIN—Poor Gelett Burgess is in danger of his life from that purple cow.

¶ If, as is said, Mark Twain is annoyed by his "drawl," what must Edmund Clarence Stedman by this time think of the appellation "banker-poet"? Judge, too, if you can, of the feelings of Edwin Markham when he comes unexpectedly upon a hoe. However, the really horrible example is poor Gelett Burgess, ever chased, since May Day, 1895, by that cavorting purple cow. Mr. Burgess has tried to do other things—nay, has done them—but he has never ceased to feel the hot breath of that pursuing cow. Once a reception was given in his honor by a lady belonging to the Mrs. Leo Hunter tribe. From guest to guest she towed him, introducing him in every instance as the author of the purple cow. The other person was invariably pleased to meet the author of the purple cow—ha, ha! Purple cow to the right of him, purple cow to the left of him, purple cow in front of him bellow'd and bawl'd. Suddenly he threw up his hands and from the depth of his soul cried

I never saw a purple cow—but may I straight
be gored by one
If any man since time began was ever quite
so bored by one!

His hostess and the other ladies were much shocked by what they chose to call his rudeness, but in the security of the hall several of the men shook his hand and looked what they did not dare to speak

TWO SIDES OF THE FACE—A companionable volume of short stories for a fireside evening.

¶ For so much as a good title will do for a story Mr. Quiller-Couch has all the best of the argument. He has the ear for haunted phrases that mean more than they say. Who would not instantly want to know all there is to know about The Horror on the Stair, The Rider in the Dawn, or My Lady's Coach?

He has, too, the story-teller's style—adequate for straight stretches of plain narrative, and nervous, alert, sensitive to melody and suggestion for the higher wrought passages, but a little curious, leaning toward the precious, often mannered, flavored not unlike Stevenson and-water

There are eight stories in Two Sides of the Face *(Charles Scribner's Sons)* and their quality is very much that of their manner. With the exception of Cleeve Court—which is compact, direct and sombre—they are humorous in a way whimsical, and tragic in a way detached, clouded, romantic. The author calls them fireside tales, and the epithet is a happy reflection of their companionable ease. The two sides of the face are, of course, the smiling side and the "wrong" side.

SANCTUARY—Mrs. Wharton's latest novel marks a distinct advance on The Valley of Decision.

¶ No American novel of recent years has won a more serious, deliberate and considered approval than did Mrs. Wharton's Valley of Decision. There still stood, however, an obstinate minority, for the most part silent, who refused to assent, who admitted that there was proof of great talent, but who persisted that it was talent misapplied. The Valley of Decision, they held, was an inversion of values—the frame before the picture. They believed that "local color" is not something that can be "booked up," and that in Mrs. Wharton's novel it had precisely that effect—the effect of an elaborate *appliqué*, through which the purpose of the artist showed intermittently if richly, not of a subtly diffused quality in the glass, to stain all the pattern in beauty while it holds all the light in solution.

This minority has not yet been heard on Mrs. Wharton's Sanctuary *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*. If its members are consistent they have now their vindication. Grant that by the very nature of its being Sanctuary will bar out many readers. It is rigorously psychological; it denies itself almost any contact with the outside world; it insists with a white, colorless intensity on its own special concern to the exclusion of all exterior movement, of any of the accessories that made so great a part of The Valley of Decision. But whoever admired the technical precision of phrase and ordered composition of that learned, somewhat frigid romance will find

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here all that charmed him there, together with an added pliancy and fluidity of language, a heightened sense of the happy illustrative epithet, a surer grasp of essential as distinguished from circumstantial drama, and a subtlety of analysis that in its terrifying keenness reminds one of nothing but Mr James. Grant that Sanctuary does not bulk so large as its predecessor—its purity and consistency of design and fidelity of execution have yet the imponderable weight of finished and flawless excellence

It is a better book than The Valley of Decision.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ISYLL—Too much pressure for cleverness turns the edge of an amusing story.

"*How Gaffer Golcher sate in his inn and watched the feast of St. Joseph and those that journeyed thereto: his parley with a knight adventurous, and how they made merry over the goodwife: The Tale of Love Strategic.*"

¶ Now, in all fairness, is that a prologue to prepare one for a damsel who "was little, and kind of chunky and huggy, with a pink face an' great big black eyes, all smeary dark around the edges"? No—but there is a faint flickering of light in the East as it comes over you that Golcher keeps a roadhouse, that the feast of St. Joseph is a California fiesta, and that the knight adventurous is a red headed rancher. Then you understand that the Reign of Queen Isyll (*née* Shea) by Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin (*McClure, Phillips and Company*) belongs to that very ancient order of entertainment begun by the lovely Scheherezade, continued by Boccaccio and Chaucer and practiced to-day by every member in good standing of the Comic Opera Makers Union. You are prepared for just enough plot to bring the players well to the front where each can do his turn and you take the mock mediævalism of the fiesta and the prologues for what it frankly is—a fig for the modernity of the hero and the slang of the text

There are ten of these tales, and that of old man Golcher is by all odds the best. It has the least affectation; it shows the least desire to be quaint. Slang—good, honest, vital slang that is taken up into the body of the language—is the plain citizen's poetry. The best of it comes almost always from some trade or profession, full of the energy of common life shaped and pointed by imagination The printer "cuts" an article to shorten it, and if it shows the marks of mutilation he says it "bleeds"; the gambler with delicate irony intimates to his neighbor, who has neglected to contribute to the stakes, that he is "shy", the leading man has a 'fat part, the cowboy with a firm seat in the saddle of opportunity has it tight 'cinched' to name but so many. But literary slang is always over elaborated, far-fetched, tiresome In Queen Isyll too much pressure for cleverness turns the best edge of an amusing story.

THE BLOOD LILIES—A story of broad effects in the country of the far Northwest.

¶ Mr. W. A Fraser, who first began writing about the Asiatic tropics, has found nearly all his recent material in the far Canadian North. The Blood Lilies (*Charles Scribner's Sons*) is a simple story of few figures and broad effects of life at one of the outposts of the Hudson Bay Trading Company—the cold, the privation, the battle against superstition and drink, the rivalry of races and creeds. The incident from which the title derives has a minor part in the movement of the story, which concerns itself more broadly with the bleak aspects of prisoned, snowbound passion and appetite than the somewhat isolated tragedy of the young Indian hero and his losing fight against civilization

CALDERON'S PRISONER—A romance à la Zenda of South American adventure and intrigue

¶ It is possible to treat an age-old subject in a way so personal and vital that it becomes new material. It is also possible to manipulate it attractively and dexterously, to the entire satisfaction of the reader, yet without really adding anything to his stock of ideas beyond the passing recollection of an hour or two not unpleasantly spent

The international marriage—she fair and petite, he dark and tall, their loves complicated by the political intrigue of a fictitious country—is not precisely what one would call a new situation in contemporary romance, but in Calderon's Prisoner, by Alice Duer Miller (*Charles Scribner's Sons*), it all runs smoothly and agreeably for a lazy afternoon's reading.

From Palace to Prison

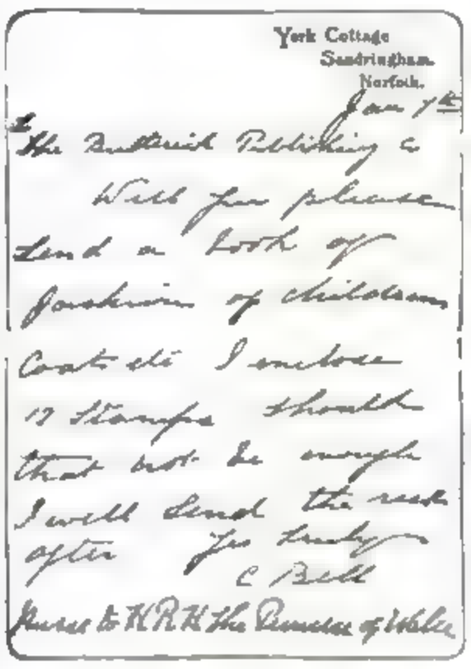
in The Delineator for February

The Family of the Prince and Princess of Wales with Their Heir

NURSE BELL, who looks after the little folks in the family of the **Princess of Wales,** wanted ideas for coats for her charges, and sent stamps to pay for THE DELINEATOR. Her letter is reproduced herewith.

Some faithful friend of a condemned murderer in Sing Sing has subscribed for THE DELINEATOR for him.

The story each of these events tells is a story of love. On the one hand the sheltering, maternal love which even a princess gives to her little ones; on the other hand, the lonely but faithful and enduring love of some one for a man who is now serving a life sentence for the greatest of crimes. What a wonderful contrast exists—a contrast so wonderful, so unusual that only truth would dare the telling. And in this wonderful contrast lies a lesson: That for all persons in all walks of life, from the palace to the prison, there is



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in the pages of THE DELINEATOR. We are pleased that the members of the Royal Family, the Ladies and the Honorables of Old England, that the wives of millionaires and bankers in this great country of ours find profit and entertainment for their leisure hours in the pages of THE DELINEATOR; but we are proud that those same pages, with their fashion information and household hints are of **Practical Value** to the woman whose circumstances has made the dressmaker for herself and her children and the caretaker of her home. We are proud that we save her much work and many dollars. With you we enjoy the artistic features of THE DELINEATOR, we glory in its practicality

In the February issue, among a hundred attention-compelling articles, there are three features:

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Calve in the Hay Field

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CALVÉ

is told. In March, Melba; in April, Nordica; in May, Sembrich.

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The Fight for Pittsburg

(Continued from Page 2)

vitally prepared for business is apparent in all this, for on the new road the one-hundred and sixty-ton locomotives for which its bridges are designed could haul, at a twenty mile speed, fifty per cent. more of a freight load than they could on the Pennsylvania lines. When the high standard of the latter is considered the contrast is more striking

The Unexpected Always Happens

But it will not be supposed that these results have been reached without strenuous effort or without occasional subtle entanglement for the Wabash constructionists. They simply never quit. Out-manœuvred at one point they sought another; checked at a gap they bored a mountain. The most unexpected natural obstacles interposed themselves even when foresight had provided for those of human agency. Underneath the million dollar Green tree tunnel a coal vein, without the knowledge of the owners of the land had been stripped. One night a section of the tunnel floor dropped eighteen inches. It was not that it cost forty thousand dollars to make good the settling; what hurt most was that it took six months' time. Bridges were called for till steel mills threw up their hands There are on this short line—without numbering either the great Mingo bridge across the Ohio with a seven hundred foot cantilever span or the tremendous Monongahela cantilever at Pittsburg—more bridges than there are miles of track. The Monongahela bridge, scene of a tragic accident during its building, is in itself most unusual. Like the Mingo bridge it provides for a double track and is built with thirty-two feet between truss centres. It stands on a one per cent grade and rises at the low end, a clear seventy feet above full pool in the Monongahela River The weight of this singular and enormous structure is above 7000 tons A mate to it indeed, is not to be found on this side the ocean For its only bigger brother one must go to Queensferry, Scotland, where years ago the North British Railway Company flung across the estuary of the Forth River the world-famed cantilevers that are united in spans 1710 feet long, but even this unexampled undertaking leaves the Wabash bridge, at 812 feet in a clear span from centre to centre of towers, the second longest cantilever bridge in the world and this is the bridge whose very permission to be slipped past the Pennsylvania watchdogs in Congress as modestly as a mouse slips through a hole in a barn floor.

In a railroad fight, however, there is no fatalism and it should not be inferred that if the Wabash had not won at that particular time at Washington the fight would not have been fought out again there or elsewhere The Washington blow, though a serious one to the defenders, left them undaunted, and in the Pittsburg councils they repeatedly prevented the passage of an ordinance giving the Wabash permission to enter the city While the battle raged in the city councils the Wabash people went unconcernedly ahead with their big Monongahela bridge, which, without an ordinance to cross Pittsburg streets with their elevated structure, must have proved valueless

The Turn in Public Sentiment

Pittsburg looked on amazed at their apparent recklessness. Hostile city officials sought to enjoin Joseph Ramsey and his cohorts from wasting their money on a structure across the river when they could never get into the town; but in court the Wabash counsel pleaded the sovereign authority of Congress for its license to cross a navigable stream and the court shook its head—the injunction could not issue. Appealed to the Supreme Court, the decision in the case below was reversed, but work had been going steadily on and the city of Pittsburg itself had been meantime waking up. The tide of unprecedented prosperity which spread over the United States and reached its climax in 1902 swept even so highly organized and perfectly disciplined a railroad system as the Pennsylvania for a moment completely off its feet. Traffic in ever-increasing volume overpowered its heavy equipment and, worst of all, congested its freight yards.

Pittsburg became an absolute storm centre and loaded cars at the Pittsburg yards could not be got in or out; the situation became a

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traffic tragedy, resulting in a demand for resignations in the operating department and the most strenuous personal effort on the part of highest executive officials of the road to bring order out of the terminal chaos at Pittsburg. This disastrous freight blockade came at a time when business men were least willing to bear it. To plead that no other road under similar difficulties could do half so well availed nothing. The Wabash, gently fanning the flame of local discontent, appealed to the business interests of Pittsburg to bring competition into the city. The Wabash issue was made of a sudden a fierce political one, and Mr. Ramsey, who probably never for a moment had doubted that, when he once clearly demonstrated to a suspicious public that the Wabash was making a good-faith attempt to bring a competing line into the town, public opinion itself would force the passage of an enabling ordinance, found himself again in luck. For two years the fight had raged with greater or less fury among the aldermen; at last they began to waver. Where the Wabash had had its enemies it began also to find friends, and the adverse Supreme Court decision had hardly cooled before a change in the Pittsburg councils' complexion gave the Wabash its ordinance so long and stubbornly held up, and the last legislative bridge was crossed.

The Carnegie Plum Tree

It was by no means the first time that encouragement had been extended to the invaders by large Pittsburg interests. In the incipiency of the fray substantial promises of business had been made by various Pittsburg shippers. The very moment the news of the Gould plans to enter the city became public, rumor asserted that the Carnegie Steel Company had already contracted to give the Wabash twenty-five per cent. of its Western tonnage. The assertion has repeatedly been made and has been repeatedly denied, but it is now definitely known that such a contract really does exist, though perhaps its importance is, in the public mind, somewhat exaggerated. Those who wish to belittle the contract aver that the interests in control of United States Steel will not abide by such an agreement; though it is difficult to see how the most hostile management could avoid it after George Gould has expended $25,000,000 to make good his end of the deal—courts are somewhat too jealous in guarding questions of consideration to ignore such a showing. Again, it is hardly safe to say who really is in control of United States Steel; Standard Oil is so quiet and so smooth and Mr. Rockefeller has so recently been credited with a powerful voice in steel councils. But, aside from all question of steel control, the strategy of a game of this size is infinitely bigger. It must be considered that if no contract whatever existed, the day that Mr. Gould opens the doors of his freight houses in Pittsburg for business there lies behind them fifteen thousand miles of his own rails, and that the Wabash will merely call for a reasonable proportion of Pittsburg tonnage and command it. A disturbance of rates in the Pittsburg district is not calmly to be thought of in the railroad world; it would frighten Holland worse than a tidal wave. Naturally the Pennsylvania Railroad continues to tie up every source of business it can control: that is the game, and no one objects. But if very large coal interests are at times acquired, or put into friendly hands—and even these moves do not always go through—it must be remembered that there is a great deal of coal in Pennsylvania. When the Wabash connects with the Union Railway—the Carnegie local line to various industries in the district—it alone opens up a share of traffic that reaches, in what were the Carnegie industries, 16,000,000 tons annually, while the other industries it reaches contribute enough business to swell the figures to 40,000,000 tons.

With the Wabash in the Pittsburg territory the railroad control of all this enormous business and the division of richest railroad territory in the United States becomes triangular. The Vanderbilts, the Pennsylvania and George Gould now dominate and will dominate in New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio and West Virginia, with powerful arms reaching to the Mississippi Valley and North and East into New England. It may mean the closing of the map for centuries; certainly in our day the present control is likely to remain undisturbed.

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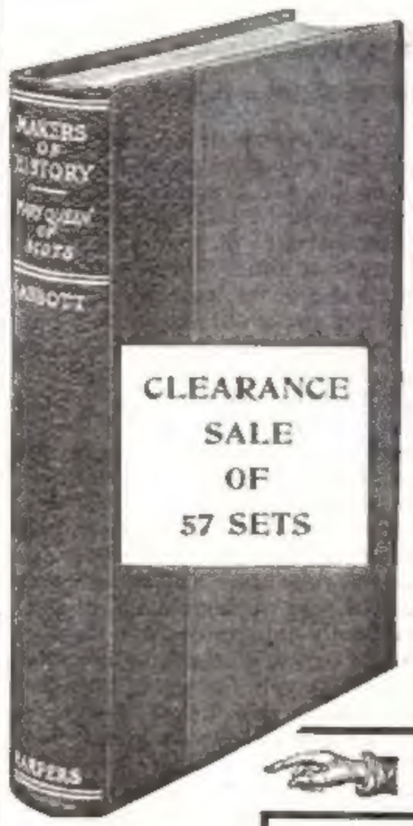

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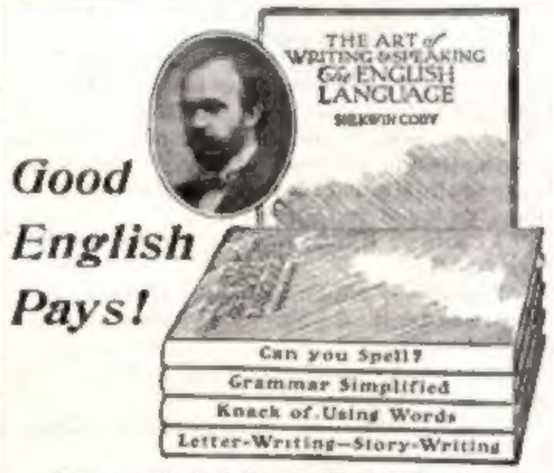

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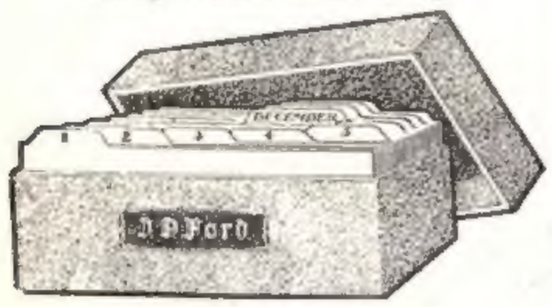

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The Diary of a Matchmaker

(Concluded from Page 5)

is said you can go over your whole life in a second. I can scarcely have seemed to hesitate before I spoke, yet I reviewed the six months that were past. And I faced at last what I had not dared to face before. I did not believe she loved him. For some reason I could not guess she was going to marry him, but she would not make him happy. I had ruined his life when I would almost have given my own to have made it. I felt that I must know the truth from Nan's own lips.

"Do you love him?" I asked.

She turned from the window where she stood and faced me, pale and with her eyes swimming in tears.

"Nell, dear," she began, "I must say everything once and for all. You must see things this time as they are. You could never see why I called you a hopeless optimist. You've never really understood the sort of girl I am. You've gone on thinking me what I'm not and I've let you, for years, because, dear, it was pleasant. No, I don't love him. I like him and I shall try to make him a good wife. But I'm going to marry him because I like the money, because I prefer the Lake Shore Drive to Oak Street, because I want dresses and diamonds and carriages and all sorts of things that you think aren't worth a penny and that aren't perhaps—only I want them. Try to understand that I'm hard and worldly and ambitious, and that this is the best thing for me to do. I'm not talented like you, nor good. You can go ahead and become a great singer. I'm going to be Mrs. Frederick Kavanagh. I shall be very rich, and oh, Nell, darling! I'll be very good to you. And please try not to think too badly of me. I've tried to live up to you, but it's no use."

And then Nan put her arms around me and we both cried for quite a little time. I can't pretend that even now I understand clearly what it all means. But, of course, I see that somehow in her queer way she does love Mr. Kavanagh, and that she has frightened herself into believing that she doesn't and that she is doing something dreadful. I'm sure she isn't, for she wouldn't be my Nan.

"I never see anything, I guess," I began after a while; "I thought——"

"You never see anything at all, you old dear, not when it's right before your eyes."

"I wanted you to marry for love."

"I'll leave that to you, darling," she said, and kissing me softly she ran off to bed.

LATER.

"I never see anything, I guess," I began a second time. "I thought——"

"You never see anything at all, you dear Nell," said Alec, just as Nan had, "not when it's right before your eyes. Will you please try to see now," and he held me at arm's length straight in front of him; "do please try to see how much I love you. Try to realize that I've loved you all the time."

"I couldn't think, you see, when there was Nan——"

"Nonsense; Nan and I agree that she's not worth one-tenth of you. Why, Nan's known it all along, only it was a secret, for she said I oughtn't to think of marrying till there were prospects of something."

"Yes," I said. "Nan's so practical. Now, if I——"

"If you're ever anything different from what you are now I shall be furious with you," I was told.

"But it has kept me a good six months from knowing——"

"From knowing that I loved you? I'll make up for that."

"No," said I. "I meant from knowing that I've loved you from the first, too."

I can't quite believe it even now. Alec and I always! And we shall sing together! Think of it: all the time when I thought I was being clever that child Nan was matchmaking for me. I'm twenty-seven, too, and to-day there were some more gray hairs. But Alec says I'm a goose and he doesn't mind. What a good world it is!

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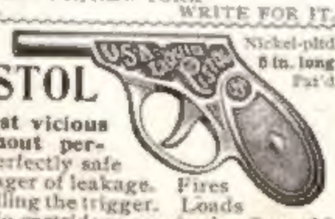

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Last year we sold more than $4,000,000 worth of New York City lots throughout the United States and the rest of the civilized world. We own and control more Brooklyn house lots than any firm or corporation in New York City, and we now propose to push our enterprises with the greatest energy everywhere. We intend to make our name and our reputation a household word throughout the country, and we desire a representative in every town and city in the United States.

If you are a man of character and energy, we have a plan by which you can partake of our prosperity and receive the direct benefits of our extensive advertising in building up a business

In Your Own Immediate Territory

We desire only representative men. Men who are successful in the work they are now undertaking. Men who can give the best of references. We do not want failures. We believe the man who is a good business man in a small community needs only the opportunity to make relatively greater success where his field is broader. Many of the best successes of the great cities are those men who have made successes in the small towns, and we propose to bring the opportunity of the great city right to your own door. Last year three of our salesmen averaged over $11,000 apiece by their own unaided efforts, and two of them while working in small cities. We have many salesmen making from $3,000 to $5,000 a year, and in nearly every instance they are men who are either conducting their own business in conjunction with our work or, because ours was so much more profitable and attractive, have given up their other occupations entirely. If you are energetic, if your reputation is clean, there is no reason, as Mr. Inge says, why you cannot do as well as he. We desire to select our general agents from those who manifest ability, and eventually to give exclusive territory to men who are competent to manage and develop it.

Z. M. P. INGE, Our Mobile Agent

MOBILE, ALA., September 1st, 1903.

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that fourteen months ago I accepted a position as Mobile agent for Wood, Harmon & Company's New York properties in connection with an active law practice. I did so only after an investigation extending over six months, convincing myself of the absolute responsibility of the firm and the remarkable character of their properties. My commissions in the past year have amounted to $16,581, and this amount of money has been made without in the least neglecting a general law practice and other institutional work with which I am connected.

While it is possible that all persons who attempt to sell lots for Wood, Harmon & Company might not succeed, yet I cannot conceive how any man who will thoroughly acquaint himself with the facts, and put earnest and intelligent effort into his work, can fail to do handsomely for himself, nor can I see why there are not hundreds who are sufficiently well equipped to do at least as well as I. My faith in Wood, Harmon & Company and their properties may have been an important factor in my success, but it is certain the sale of New York real estate has been the easiest kind of work for me.

Yours very truly, Z. M. P. INGE.

Another agent made $9,747; another, $8,649 in the last year
Many are earning from $3,000 to $5,000 annually

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Agency Department G-21

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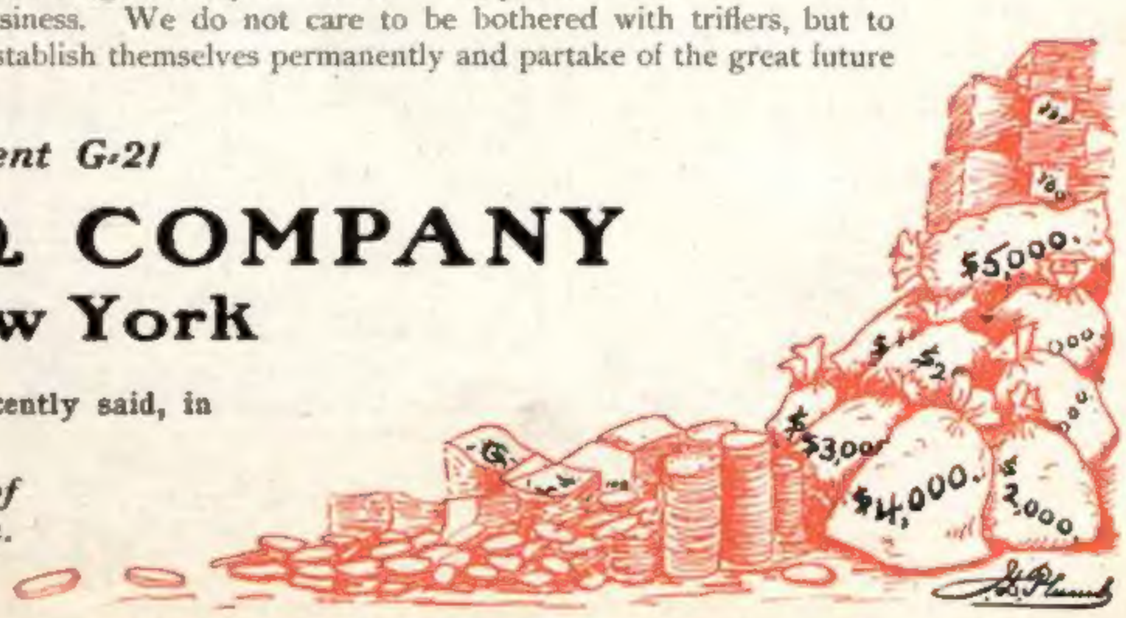
"A man who buys real estate in any of the five boroughs—of course exercising average good judgment—has a fortune before him. BROOKLYN is growing at the rate of 75,000 people a year."